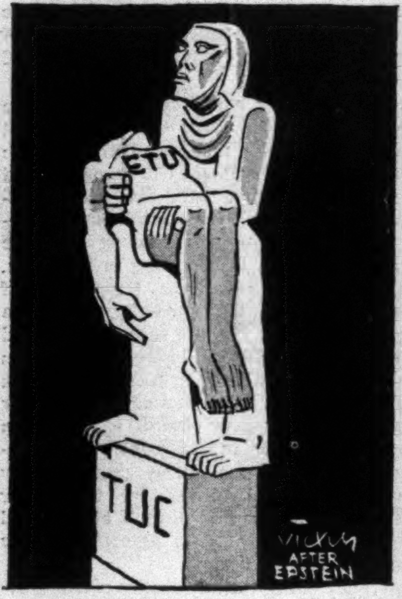
New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LXII · No. 1582 **FRIDAY · 7 JULY 1961** **NINEPENCE**



ETU: WHAT NEXT?

★

J. P. W. MALLALIEU
Distrust among the Motor Cars

★

ANTHONY STORR
Child Rape

★

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US Policy in Spain

★

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER
Revolution & The City

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V. S. PRITCHETT
A World of Kitchens

Time to Wake Up

Isaac Deutscher's important article in the *Sunday Times* throws new light on Mr Krushchev's relations with the West and with China. The Soviet document Mr Deutscher has quoted confirms the serious rift between Moscow and Peking and indicates with more precision than any previous source that the inevitability or otherwise of total war against the 'imperialist camp' is the central issue which divides them. Krushchev, in fact, has staked his authority as leader of the bloc (and he may well be called on to make good his bid before the Soviet Party Congress in November) on his ability to pursue a militant Communist policy without a war against the US.

But even in this context Krushchev proclaims a single qualification: if the western powers make a military move against East Germany, that would mean war. Now it is possible that this is all part of the current war of nerves; that it is us, and not his fellow Communists, whom Krushchev wants to believe that East Germany could be a *casus belli*. It seems far more likely, however, that the document is a genuine background paper prepared for the impending meeting in Outer Mongolia of all the Communist Parties of the bloc. If so, its message is of momentous importance.

For Krushchev has also announced that before the end of the year Russia will sign a peace treaty with East Germany, and that western rights in Berlin will then have to be re-negotiated with the East German government. There are powerful voices in the West who are pressing President Kennedy to respond to that situation by force. Indeed, the military planners are already making contingent preparations. The West has always, and understandably, proclaimed that it would be prepared to face the risk of total war in defence of West Berlin. Krushchev, no less understandably, and with terrifying credibility in view of the Chinese pressure on him, proclaims now that he is ready to make the same stake on the integrity of East Germany. And the time-table of events is such that the cataclysmic collision is no longer theoretical or remote: unless somebody changes course, it seems bound to occur within the next six months.

What then is the minimum of essential requirement on each side if a change of course is to be negotiated? The western powers will insist on the physical presence of an allied force in West Berlin, and on the legal guarantee of adequate access to the city. Krushchev, for his part, has on various occasions since the Vienna meeting announced that, provided the West will negotiate with East Germany, he sees no reason why both these conditions should not be met. Since there is no way in which the West can stop Krushchev and Ulbricht signing a peace treaty (any more than the Russians could stop the Americans signing one with Japan), the Soviet basic demand as a condition of serious negotiation boils down to the *de facto* recognition of East Germany.

This then is the reality the West must face if American proposals for four-power discussions on Germany are more than propaganda. If a binding agreement which guaranteed western rights over Berlin and its approaches, perhaps under UN supervision, could be negotiated *provided the East German government was a party to it*, should we really rule it out? The zonal system was originally established as a make-shift expedient pending a four-power peace treaty which would embody the reunification of Germany. But nobody in his senses any longer believes that this is possible in the foreseeable future. Fewer and fewer people, indeed, inside or outside Germany, any longer seriously desire it. The reunification of Germany has for years been a fantasy which has served no other useful purpose than to provide an emotional and chauvinistic stuffing for Dr Adenauer's party programme. It may be a considerable embarrassment now to admit that. But is there anyone in Europe, even among the harassed and discontented population of East Germany, who would not choose to wake up now rather than sleep-walk into nuclear war?

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Microphone Manoeuvres

ANTHONY HOWARD

'Take a look', charged the secretary of the Socialist Medical Association in a recent Labour Party broadcast, 'at this pile of rubbish'. And under his denunciatory finger fell for one and a half seconds (upside down) a piece of canvassing publicity on behalf of a drug manufacturing firm. For the firm concerned that was enough. Claiming that their product had been defamed they last Friday shot solicitors' letters at the BBC, the ITA and Mr Christopher Mayhew.

The story could scarcely have broken at a more convenient moment. For last Monday evening the annual – slightly tense – meeting took place between the representatives of the BBC, the ITA and the three political parties to decide the apportionment of party political broadcasts for the coming year. For some time, of course, there have been rumblings of discontent on the part of the independent contractors at their obligation (merely of custom) to carry these BBC-produced and transmitted programmes; and last week Associated-Rediffusion brought this unrest out into the open by serving notice that, short of a formal indemnity for any libel in a political broadcast, it would have no alternative but to refuse to put out any of the scheduled party political programmes for the coming year.

On Wednesday of this week – faced with a threat of legislation, confronted by baleful looks from the other companies, and the victim of the severe displeasure of Sir Robert Fraser – A-R climbed down: it decided that it would, after all, be content with a gentlemen's agreement that no innocent (and indeed unwilling partner) should be forced to pay the consequences for a political party's mistake.

A storm in a tea cup? A squall in the board-room? On balance probably not. For one thing, there was A-R's very revealing action in immediately releasing to the public the details of the television programme to which it would have given extra time, had it been free of the inconvenient incubus of dreary politics: it would, it announced (in an obvious appeal to the groundlings) have provided an enticing boxing fight, that between Terry Downes and Paul Pender for the world middleweight championship. And for another, there was the impotent fury felt by all the television companies (except perhaps Granada – who arranged a private repeat showing for all its advertising agency clients) at the nature and content of the Labour Party broadcast on 10 May. It is not, naturally, everyone's idea of a joke to see television commercials guyed ('Grinso for the happiest wash', 'Blue Glo cares for true blues') or indeed to hear them described as 'maddening, useless, dishonest drivel'.

What, in fact, we have probably seen this week is the preliminary skirmish to the next major battle in British pressure-group politics – the battle for what will quite possibly be called 'Freedom of the Air'. Unobserved and relatively stealthily the troops have been lining up in the past few months. There – a stone's throw away from the Conservative Central Office – is the new headquarters of the National Broadcasting Development Committee providing the cosiest vision of old times. Once again under the same umbrella are such familiar troubadors as Mr Mark Chapman-Walker, Mr Ronald Simms, Sir Robert Grimston, Uncle Fred Woolton and all.

At first, however, it almost seemed as if they were collectively taking part in a general act of contrition and repentance – perhaps brought on by Professor H. H. Wilson's ruthless chronicling of their former deeds. For last month with unblushing solemnity they all joined together to confess to the Pilkington Committee that their great work seven years ago in giving the nation 'its free TV service' had led to an 'indefensible monopoly in the commercial field'. But before the word is passed to Lady Violet Bonham Carter to prepare the fatted calf, one would be perhaps wise to read on through their evidence. For three sentences later their meaning suddenly becomes clear. 'The way to end a commercial monopoly', the Pilkington Committee was briskly instructed, 'is to introduce a further element of commercial competition'. It is reassuring to know that the old hands have not lost their cunning.

It is rather the same in the House of Commons. Once again the positions are being prepared and the doors opened on the ground floor. Conservative MPs like Mr Godfrey Lagden, Mr Geoffrey Hirst, and even Sir Tufton Beamish, are already directors of embryonic local commercial radio companies. Mr Lagden is the chairman of a suitably mysterious sounding organisation called Group 10 (Independent) Radio; Mr Geoffrey Hirst is a director of Radio Yorkshire Development Ltd, and Sir Tufton Beamish of the Channel Broadcasting Company. Although an influential Conservative back-bench committee came out last December against the idea of commercial radio, these new nabobs do not at all give the impression of being beaten men. They regard the Pilkington Committee as a temporary and tiresome irrelevance (two Tory MPs protested at its even being set up) and they are holding their fire until, with Pilkington out of the way, the question becomes a matter for the House of Commons – and more especially for the 1922 Committee.

And yet the case is plainly not going to be as before – and the battle will certainly not be a push-over. This time the BBC has made it very plain that it intends to stand up and fight. A Conservative MP, say, from Lancashire or Cheshire, who is gradually becoming gratified at the new interest that the Corporation seems to be taking in his views, should probably resist the temptation of believing that he has suddenly become a fascinating fellow: it is not so much his good counsel that the BBC is interested in as his good-will. The BBC has, in fact, recently felt confident enough to advertise internally for local station managers; and it is perhaps a measure of the way in which their calm confidence is rattling the enemy that one day soon Mr Reginald Bevins, the Postmaster General, is likely to find himself being asked whether or not any secret agreements have been secretly arrived at.

At times lately the advocates of commercial radio have become almost truculent. 'Let', they say, 'the BBC just try it – and we'll be ready for them even if the decision does go against us. What's wrong with a boat going round the sea-side resorts and beaming out a first-class show from beyond the three-mile limit? Then we'll see who's listening to what.' The vision is delicious – the 'pirates' actually on the high seas – but it is doubtful if it is realistic.

Yet, of course, more things have changed than the relative strengths and determinations of the protagonists. Necessarily, after the commercial television struggle, no other pressure group enterprise will ever have quite so easy a task again. It is, however, worth recalling that at any stage in that controversy the commercial television lobby was doing consistently better than at the time was recognised. And some of the same secret weapons – the easy access to ministers, the far greater opportunity for business interests to apply persuasion than for public service corporations – are still very much available.

Possibly, in fact, the most important aspect of the coming struggle will be what it tells us about the present Conservative Party. In the early 1950's to be in favour of breaking the BBC monopoly was to prove one's credentials as a champion of free enterprise. After ten years of Tory rule things may well not be so simple and clear-cut as they were in the rousing days when the people were still being set free. If at the end of the day the men who are now dreaming of ruling the waves fail in their mission they may then owe their disappointment to yet a further change in the power structure of the Conservative Party.

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NEXT WEEK

A Look at Publishing

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Fifty Years of Tobacco

J. B. PRIESTLEY

PAUL JOHNSON *reports from N. Rhodesia*

Comments on the Week's News

New York

The Berlin Build-up

ROBERT BENDINER *writes*: President Kennedy seems to know just what he wants to do about Berlin in the event of an emergency; his problem is to convince the Russians that he will do it, and in a small way he may be making progress. A classic method of warning an opponent convincingly, while avoiding the ugliness of specific threats, is to 'leak' information and then affect irate concern over its publication. While it cannot be said categorically that *Newsweek's* printing of Pentagon plans for a military showdown in Berlin originated in this way, the episode follows the prescribed pattern with fidelity.

The President is reported to be 'incensed' to the point of calling in the FBI to trace the leak, but the magazine denies that it had access to classified documents and the *New York Times* Washington Bureau says flatly that the material was made available by several government departments 'presumably on instructions from responsible authorities, with the admonition that it should be used to help alert public opinion'. In any case, when Pierre Salinger told reporters of the effort 'to find out who passed this information', he was clearly confirming its accuracy. He was telling Mr Krushchev, in effect, that the Chiefs of Staff had in fact drawn up plans for evacuating American dependents from West Germany, sending reinforcements, calling up reserve units of the National Guard, and demonstrating in some way the intention of the US to use nuclear weapons if necessary.

Another move presumably to be read by the Russians as a sign of American firmness was the appointment of General Maxwell Taylor as the President's personal military adviser. To his first task, which is planning the defence of the city whose garrison he commanded immediately after the blockade, General Taylor brings two major convictions: that full-scale war can be avoided only by adequate preparation for those limited and conventional military actions which might otherwise bring on a general war; and that 'in these troubled times we can exert effective leadership only if it is apparent to the whole world that there are certain things so important that, regardless of hazard, we dare put all to the test'.

At the same time, Secretary Rusk keeps repeating that the United States will 'explore every possibility of working out a tolerable peace that is consistent with the vital interests of our country'. This appears to mean that the Administration would not be stuffy about dealing with East German administrators of the approaches to West Berlin, so long as these were left substantially open; that the size of the allied garrison in the city might be reduced, and that something might be done to clamp down on provocative propaganda activities in the western sector. None of this would quite remove the bone from Krushchev's throat, to use his cheery figure of speech, but he may be persuaded that trying to swallow the bone would be more dangerous than leaving it where it is, to be eased out in time and with patience.

At an accelerating speed the successive crises of Cuba, Laos, and Berlin are bringing American liberals to one of those periodic divisions in which intellectuals take to calling each other intellectuals. The New York *Post* has been severely admonishing Eric Sevareid for suggesting, among other heresies, that the Kremlin 'must particularly cherish the Whitehall-Lippmann theory that if we show willingness to renegotiate West Berlin, the Reds will obligingly give us at the bargaining table a stronger position than we have now;' and that perserving the backward areas of the earth from Communism is not, after all, a job for 'liberals with social-worker mentalities'. And Professor Hans J. Morgenthau reflects, with an intellect of formidable proportions, a certain disenchantment with the performance of Washington's new Brains Trust. 'The intellectual does not need to have, and is frequently devoid of, that quality which is indispensable in the statesman – practical wisdom', the Professor writes in the *New Leader*. 'In the world of the intellectual ideas meet with ideas, and anything goes that is presented cleverly and with assurance. In the political world, ideas meet with facts which make mincemeat of the wrong ideas and throw the pieces in the ashcan of history.' The hope is that both Kennedy and Krushchev know a fact when they see one.

Kuwait

Britannia Rules the Dunes

At first sight, the British operation in Kuwait may seem a triumph for the gunboat Tories. But in the Middle East, nothing is ever so simple. Arab opinion, initially hostile to Iraq, is veering round now that General Kassem is no longer in a physical position to carry out his threats. There is growing disbelief in the massive troop-movements towards the Kuwait border which were used as the direct pretext for the landings (nobody has yet produced conducive evidence that any serious movement took place, and the Iraqis themselves adamantly deny it). As the British build-up continues, we must expect Arab attention to concentrate increasingly on the presence of 'colonialist' forces on Arab soil.

In military terms, the British plan seems to have been based on the assumption of Iraqi inefficiency (particularly in the use of Kassem's unknown quantities of Soviet equipment). This may be a legitimate calculation as things stand. But if he obtains even a small quantity of Soviet help, our military position could rapidly become perilous (it is not publicly known, for instance, whether even our Hunter fighters can operate effectively from the Kuwait airfield, and there are no Lightnings in the area). It may be assumed that Kassem does not at present intend to put this to the test: so far he has not pressed his claim against Kuwait even to the extent of interfering with the water supply. Still, the military lesson to be drawn from Kuwait is the inadequacy of our forces to cope with even a brigade-group operation. There has, for instance, been an illusion of speed; but it would be interesting to know exactly when various phases of the operation were put in hand. Most, if not all, the reinforcements brought into Kuwait from Aden and from Kenya have had to be staged at Bahrein and then short-hauled on to Kuwait because of the absence of an adequate strategic freighter force. Then again, the commitments of the Canberra 8-1's from Germany and two squadrons of obsolete Hunters demonstrates the lack of an all-purpose air-defence, ground-attack aircraft suitable for the conditions of Kuwait. Yet this is presumably just the sort of 'limited operation' which must from time to time be expected under the nuclear umbrella. Finally, in mounting the Kuwait expedition and moving replacement troops to Kenya and Aden, our strategic reserve has been heavily committed. As the well-informed Defence Correspondent of *The Times* pointed out on Wednesday, 'any further calls' – e.g. from Northern Rhodesia? – 'will almost certainly have to be met partly from Germany'. Thus even limited Soviet intervention might make it necessary to invoke US aid – which would instantly transform a limited crisis into a threat to world peace.

For all these reasons, Mr Macmillan would be wise to pass his responsibilities to the UN as quickly as he can. UN observers should be brought in at once to patrol the frontier, and our forward units – which could provoke an accidental incident at the border – should be withdrawn to the south. Granted the state of Arab opinion, even a small UN force would probably be sufficient to deter Kassem from violence; and when this arrives, our force should be evacuated – it can always be held in readiness in Bahrein, only 250 miles to the south. At the same time, Britain should publicly urge the Ruler of Kuwait to fulfil his promises to use his oil-wealth for the benefit of the Arab peoples as a whole (the Kuwait Oil Company might well agree to match any percentage contribution he makes to a development fund). If this advice is followed, Britain may even emerge from the crisis with considerable credit; if not, we may, within weeks, destroy our political and commercial position in the Gulf.

Angola

What Next?

The Labour Party has done well to launch its full-scale attack on the government's policy towards Portugal and Angola. Yet the minor concessions it has wrung from the Foreign Office have come too late to save British prestige. The British conciliatory attitude to Salazar brands her in Africa and Asia as a partner in the massacre of Angolan Africans; and the reputation of the whole western alliance has again been lowered in uncommitted eyes.

It would be unrealistic to expect that the pressure of international public opinion will now deter Salazar from continuing his extermination policy. Yet the Portuguese regime in Angola may well collapse under the pressure of its own weight. Austerity measures in Portugal herald a severe strain on its economy, whilst scorched earth in Angola itself can only intensify the economic strain. If this happens, what can the future be for the Angolans? There is an obvious danger of the Congo catastrophe being repeated. The Africans of Angola have been given no training in administration or politics. There are already two rebel movements in exile, and the elements of disintegration are already present. In view of the experience of the Congo, it is to be hoped that, in addition to trying to halt the conflict, Mr Hammarskjöld is already preparing a rescue operation. This must involve full consultation with the African states and their participation in it.

South Africa

Freedom to Drink

A Special Correspondent writes from Johannesburg: At last Africans have attained equality in one sphere. Equal access to liquor has come suddenly after a campaign lasting ten years. The campaign was carried on not by Africans, but by the KWV, the rich and powerful co-operative wine-farmers' association of the western Cape Province. This organisation has long wrestled with the problem of over-production, aggravated first by the effect of boycotts abroad, and then by the uncertainty whether the sale of South African wines in Britain will in future continue to benefit by imperial preference.

Now a solution is in sight—expansion of the home market by abolishing all legal restrictions on the sale, by white men only, of alcohol to Africans. Parliament has approved the new bill in spite of the opposition of the Dutch Reformed Church, Adam Smith defeating Calvin. The controversy has, of course, been conducted on a high moral plane; the newspapers have not even mentioned the part played by the KWV. Instead, they have pointed out how wise the police are to seek relief from their tremendous task of pursuing the traffic in illicit liquor which has flourished under their noses, and sometimes with their help, as shown in a few of the 1000 cases which the courts hear every day.

The new law, anticipating a great increase in drunkenness, imposes severe penalties for the offence. It makes no attempt to limit access to liquor by shortening hours or raising prices. It even ignores the proposals of the government's own commission which contemplated only the sale of light wines and beer to Africans.

In the Cape the notorious 'tot' system is an old tradition whereby coloured labourers on wine farms are partly paid with a daily drink. Although the commissioners defensively declared that 'the principles that farm labourers are supplied with the fruit of their labour is recognised and applied throughout the world', they actually proposed to abolish the tot system which, as everyone knows, has debauched most of the rural Coloured people: now its extension to all races throughout the country is certain.

Politically this reform is expected to rescue Dr Verwoerd from his growing unpopularity in the well-established farming community of the western Cape. It is these people whose heavy investment (officially valued at £100m) in the vineyards and orchards had begun to decline. Now a cynical government has at one stroke granted Africans a new freedom and put its own influential critics to flight.

The Law

No Help for the Victim

C. H. ROLPH *writes:* The report of the Home Office working party on compensation for victims of violence has been long delayed – and is still bedevilled – by the government's perverse determination that any scheme must stand or fall by its applicability to crimes of fraud. Almost desperately thorough in its search for difficulties, the report is in any case damned at the outset by a preface of extraordinary timidity and callousness, which says for example that there is no more reason why victims of violence should be eligible for compensation than victims of fraud – as if crimes like false pretences, share-pushing and the confidence trick had no background of human cupidity. Despite an occasional glimmer of positive intention at specific points in the report, the keynote, set by the preface, seems to be the classic excuse for inaction – 'If we can't do it for all, we will do it for none'. It has always been understood that any conceivable scheme would leave some victims with no more redress than they have at present, and that some of them – the wounded gangster is an example – would not deserve any. But, to adopt a useful phrase from the report itself, 'unprovoked assaults on innocent persons' should under any scheme lead to compensation, whether or not the assailant was ever convicted.

As between a contributory fund allied to the industrial injuries scheme, and a Home Office decision subject to review in the courts, the latter is the less troublesome. The former, at the lowest possible weekly contribution, would produce too much money, and this, it seems, would be an embarrassment. Nevertheless, the report makes heavy weather of the court scheme, even going so far as to deplore the far-fetched possibility that the state might be thought to be 'underwriting criminal violence', so that 'the scheme would introduce the undesirable concept of the state appearing to assist criminals to meet their liabilities at Common Law'. This has never troubled the courts in withholding costs from people they disapprove of, and costs are commonly used as a method of punishment.

Many hopes have been centred upon Mr Butler as a liberal-minded Home Secretary who would seize this chance at least to begin a measure of reform almost universally desired. But he seems to be rounding-up reasons for doing nothing.

Fleet Street

Back on the Beat

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Passing some remarks on the American press a fortnight ago, I commented in a slightly dispirited way that much of it seemed to be written not to be read. Coming up for air after a strenuous course of re-orientation or rehabilitation in the mores of Fleet Street and how to live with them, I find myself wondering whether maybe some of the trouble with the British press is that most papers want to be read too much. They may be right in thinking most of their readers incapable of thought. But it would be nice if they would allow us to read the news for ourselves instead of predigesting it to fit the name on the propaganda packet. One does not expect them to be objective. But I confess that, after an absence, it comes to me as a shock to find just how tendentious some of the *news* pages now are. What conceivable defence is there for example for news slanting – in completely different directions as it happened – to the extent employed by the *Mail* and *Express* in their treatment of the Northern Rhodesian constitution? Not, I emphasise, in their leader columns. To that one is accustomed.

Here, for example, are the *Mail's* front-page headline and opening paragraph on the new constitution: 'Smokescreen: How Welensky Tried to Disguise Defeat. Sir Roy Welensky, Rhodesian Federal Premier, has been finally rebuffed after intensive efforts to have the Macleod plan for Northern Rhodesia watered down.' And here is the *Express*, dealing with identically the same issue a day later: 'Sir Roy Wins Battle. Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Central African Federation has won his battle over the Northern Rhodesian constitution.'

How can one justify what purport to be reports of the same event, front-paged not as comment but as news, so bold, so flat, so unequivocal and so completely contrary to each other as those in the *Express* and the *Mail*?

Meanwhile despite death, disaster and a Royal Commission, Fleet Street seems much the same. Coming back, I feel a little like a prophet of doom who has seen too many of his prophecies come true for comfort, but I find hardly anyone who believes that the crisis is yet over. It is difficult to believe, especially after Lord Rothermere's last report to his shareholders, that anything but a miracle can keep the *Daily Sketch* alive indefinitely. And although one hopes that *Reynolds News*, trying so hard to keep on shining like a tiny candle in a naughty world, will survive the gust around it, it has small chance of becoming viable in a commercial sense and must depend on the continuous loyalty of co-operative societies whose knowledge of newspapers – and newspaper finance – is small. The *Herald* is now presumably safe for seven years, although whether the seven years is a reprieve or a prison sentence one cannot yet be quite sure. One of the saddest commentaries on the state of Fleet Street seems to me to be that Sir Christopher Chancellor, who at Odhams, seemed likely to bring at long last a real touch of imagination to the *Herald*, has retired from Odhams Press to become chairman of Madame Tussauds. Sad but possibly, looking at Fleet Street, appropriate.

Yet if Fleet Street has been shaken it does not yet seem to have been shaken into any very new ideas. Unless the discovery of just what is possible with a telescopic camera lense is to be counted one. Last week, by the use of this new tool for the enhancement of the freedom of the press, the *Daily Express* was able first to provide its readers with a distant view of the Duchess of Kent on water skis during her honeymoon and to follow this up the next day with a revealing, if smudged, photograph across five and a half columns of another royal honeymooner, Princess Birgitta, lying flat on a hotel balcony with her bikini apparently half off having her back rubbed with lotion by her husband.

All the same, some popular papers are capable of higher things than picture snooping. The *Sunday Pictorial*, for instance, is now busy making its contribution to the cultural history of our times by bringing to its expectant readers a new masterpiece – *Lady Chatterley's Daughter*. This 'literary sensation' written (don't ask me why) by Miss Patricia Robins introduces us to the daughter of Lady Chatterley and Mellors in the somewhat inappropriate guise of a 'calm and lovely' nurse who avoids 'the company of any man she discovers has [sex] as his object'. However, when we leave her at the end of the first instalment, after a passionate, if accidental, embrace from a wounded soldier ('Pull yourself together, Mellors', she told herself'), it seems likely that all those nights in the woodshed will begin to assert themselves before many issues of the *Sunday Pictorial* are out.

Communist footnote: Faced with the judgment in the ETU case, the *Daily Worker* presented its faithful readers with this headline: 'ETU Judge and Communists: No Evidence of Deciding on Illegal Methods'.

The Church

A Case of Aggression?

A Special Correspondent writes: Dr Ramsey's first speech to the Church Assembly this week left both his critics and his admirers in no doubt as to where he stands. Within a week of being installed in the throne of St Augustine he has thrown down the gauntlet in front of the state in a way in which his predecessor, Dr Fisher, had not done in 16 years. The main significance of the new Archbishop of Canterbury's statement on church appointments appears to lie in his obvious determination to bring the leadership of the Church back into touch with the feelings of the inferior clergy. The very suggestion he made – that the House of Clergy should abandon its own inquiry into the appointment of Bishops in favour of a much more far-reaching and high-powered one set up by the two Archbishops – should itself be enough to satisfy the government that from now on it will not be dealing with the odd turbulent priest but rather with the will of a united Church.

Inevitably the Church of England itself seems now to be awakening to the fact that a very considerable change is likely to come over its life. Partly, of course, it is merely a question of personnel: during the next three months the nation will be a perhaps slightly bored spectator of the successive enthronements of a new Archbishop of York, a new Bishop of London and a new Bishop of Winchester – leaving, of the Church's five great principalities, only the see of Durham undisturbed.

But the transformation seems likely to go beyond that. In the cathedrals the trumpets may be sounding – but on this occasion they appear not to be doing so merely for the purpose of pageantry. Indeed at his own enthronement in Canterbury last week, Dr Ramsey (who has recently been awarded the somewhat unusual accolade of having his life-story serialised in the *Daily Sketch*) took the opportunity of saying some surprisingly firm words about the relations between Church and state. 'We ask', said Dr Ramsey in the presence of the Lord Chancellor and the Home Secretary, 'for a greater freedom in the ordering and the urgent revising of our forms of worship'. And he went on to add that if the links between Church and state were broken it would not be the responsibility of those who were asking for a new freedom but rather of those 'if there be such, who deny that freedom to us'.

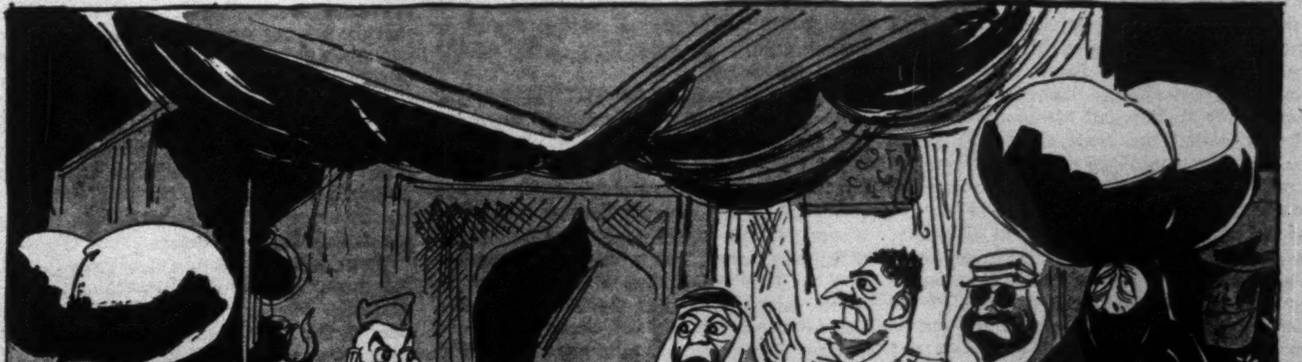
Dr Ramsey may well originally have meant to do nothing more than to bring in a trace of veiled menace behind the request that the Church will shortly be making to parliament to approve its new revised canons, which touch upon such controversial matters as the re-marriage of divorced persons and the jurisdiction of church courts. But in the present climate of Church opinion his words were necessarily interpreted far more strongly. Ever since the lamentable *affaire* of the Guildford Deanery, the Church of England has been betraying considerable signs of unrest about its lack of autonomy in the ordering of its own business.

Significantly, the most recent defender of the system – the Bishop of Leicester – had his knuckles firmly rapped by a senior colleague only last week. Writing in his diocesan news-letter, the Bishop of Southwell bluntly announced that the Crown appointment to the Deanery of Guildford had been 'shockingly mismanaged', that it had caused 'justifiable indignation', and that 'statements put out from Lambeth and Downing Street have only succeeded in making it look worse'. There was certainly no recognition here of the Bishop of Leicester's erastian plea for the avoidance of 'ill-considered and hasty judgments', or indeed any acknowledgement of his astonishing assertion that 'a church . . . stripped of all mystery would be much less interesting and serviceable to the Kingdom of God than what we have at the present time'.

It is difficult, in fact, to believe that the Church – or indeed the government – has heard the last of the repercussions set off by the astonishing treatment accorded to the former Provost of Guildford. For the first time in this century the Church of England is now in the joint charge of two extremists – a zealous Anglo-Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury and an ardent Evangelical Archbishop of York, who has already had some sharp things to say about any rapprochement with Rome.

In the Church of England it has always been the central Churchmen who have been the greatest defenders of the Establishment. Now, with the passing-over of Dr Fisher's own personal candidate for the Canterbury Archbishopric (Dr Robert Stopford, the newly-appointed Bishop of London) the Church of England is for the first time in 60 years in the hands of two known ecclesiastical partisans. It is perhaps unlikely that any murder will take place at Canterbury, but a coldly deliberate form of suicide may very well be committed at Westminster. And many outside the Church will probably agree with the recent view of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council that in certain circumstances suicide need not necessarily be a crime.

Others within the Church – with a livelier sense of history – may well recall slightly ruefully the letter which Bishop Hensley Henson wrote to Archbishop Davidson at the time of the Prayer Book controversy in 1928. 'I do beg Your Grace', urged the then Bishop of Durham, 'to consider that we now have an opportunity of stating the case of the Church as against the aggression of the state, which is probably far the best that we can ever hope to have: and that if we let it slip we shall have to stand the conflict shortly in far less satisfactory circumstances – for example over the reform of the courts or church appointments.'



'Let's settle this between us Arabs . . .'

The Future of the ETU

The most telling comment on the ETU judgment was made on Monday afternoon by Mr John Byrne. 'We shall', he said, 'be fighting for years yet'. Despite Mr Justice Winn's scathing analysis of the way in which the Communist fraction has been running the ETU, and despite Mr Byrne's important legal victory in ousting Mr Haxell as General Secretary, the campaign to restore democracy in the ETU is far from over; and it is by no means certain that the Communists will lose in the end.

In the first place, the Byrne case is going to the Court of Appeal. Before it is finally settled there will be months of delay, not least in the other actions (such as Mr Chapple's claim to the office of assistant general secretary, Mr Cannon's demand for restitution of full membership rights and Mr Reno's case alleging misuse of funds), which may now be held up while the Byrne case drags on. Throughout this summer and autumn, therefore, the Communists in the ETU can continue to fight a defensive action from their existing positions of strength knowing that the legal issues will remain open.

It might seem that after all the discrediting evidence the remaining cases would not be defended by the ETU: if Mr Justice Winn's findings are upheld on appeal, the cost to the union's funds will be over £100,000, and many more thousands would have to be spent on the Cannon, Chapple and Reno trials. But the matter is not so simple. There is still a majority of Mr Haxell's supporters on the ETU executive, with whom Mr Byrne now has to work – and from whom he must take orders. They have already taken one important step. A special committee of three, responsible for dealing with the various lawsuits, included Mr Haxell as General Secretary: on Sunday afternoon it was reorganised. It now consists of Mr Foulkes and Mr McLennan, both found to have conspired in the frauds, and Mr Hendy. The General Secretary – now, of course, Mr Byrne – has been excluded from it. Even if Mr Byrne's certain supporters on the executive (Mr Chapple, Mr Hadley and Mr Blairford) were to propose that the cases should be abandoned they would be outvoted by the members who have gone down the line for Mr Haxell and Mr Foulkes.

Here one can see the second difficulty. Though Mr Byrne now sits in Hayes Court he is confronted by an entrenched Communist machine: it can count on a majority of the executive, and Mr Foulkes is holding on as president. There are full-time organisers and virtually all the key staff at head office; and there are divisional and branch officials, many of whom have been deeply implicated in ballot-rigging and other abuses for years. All of these are knit together by the Communist apparatus within the ETU, and have been able to use the machinery of the union for their purposes for so long that no coherent opposition to them has been possible. None of this apparatus has been touched by the judgment which laid it bare, except the key post of General Secretary. It will, therefore, be used to the limit to embarrass Mr Byrne and to continue the fight against anyone who challenges the effective Communist control of the ETU.

At this stage, however, it is essential to recall Mr Justice Winn's comment, when he stressed that Communists have the same rights as any other members of a union. The court, he said, cannot 'interfere with or affect any electoral success achieved by legitimate canvassing, organisation or other democratic means'. If, in short, the Communists work harder or provide more effective leadership than those who dislike them, their critics lose by default. This has happened in other unions. It may still happen in the ETU. The specific complaint against the ETU, however, has not been that its leadership is Communist: it was that the Communists in the union have in the past used illegitimate means to secure and perpetuate their control, and that they have used their domination of the union machinery both to cover these frauds and to silence their opponents.

This domination has become so complete that the policy conference due to meet at Southsea later this month would probably, if given the chance, give Frank Haxell a vote of confidence; and the rules revision conference, for which preparations are in hand, would be prepared to vote unquestioningly for the new rules which the ETU leadership has already drafted in consultation with King Street. From the branch level upwards, much of the daily running of the union is in the hands of men who have been prepared to use fraud to preserve their positions of power.

For this reason all elections in the ETU lie under a shadow of doubt, from the selection of delegates to the policy conference up to the impending contests for the national executive. No doubt there will be more care in future: Mr Justice Winn has declared that he would not trust anyone at the ETU head office to conduct an election. But the Byrne case has shown how easy fraud can be, and how difficult it is to scrutinise every branch – if only to ensure that the complex rules are not breached. And in the last few months, while that case was going on, everything possible has been done by the Communists to extract the maximum advantage for their executive nominees from their control of the union machinery.

The cleaning-up of the ETU is thus far from an easy task. It may indeed prove an impossible one, at least for some time to come. For it is conceivable that, whatever Mr Byrne may do as General Secretary (and at the least he can prevent flagrant abuses of power or rules at the top), the Communists will retain power. The price of their domination has been the decline of opposition: the whole campaign against them has been conducted by a handful of 'revisionists' and Labour Party members who have neither the resources nor the opportunity to compete with a machine of 2,500 CP members.

It is in this context that one must consider the inevitable demands that are being made for changes in trade union law. At the moment these are more helpful to the discredited ETU leaders, who wish to pose as martyrs defending militant unionism against capitalist witch-hunters, than they are to those who genuinely care about union democracy. It is all very well to talk about the need for new legislation, but it is far from clear what it could usefully achieve.

Is it a matter of ensuring redress to individual members? That is a commendable aim: few things are more urgent in our society than the need to protect the individual against the excesses of powerful bureaucracies of any kind. But the trade union movement is no more culpable than others in this respect, and the right to redress already exists where there is fraud or other illegal action. The ETU case in fact proves that the law provides such protection; if the procedure seems slow, cumbersome and onerous for those who seek their rights, there is no reason to think that any new measure that had comparable safeguards of legal process would be significantly more efficacious or less difficult.

Is it a question of fair elections? This is nearer the mark. There is no good reason why other unions should not follow the lead of the miners and railwaymen, who have their ballots supervised by independent bodies. (The ETU defendants actually conceded this in principle on Monday by agreeing that the union's accountants should supervise the coming executive elections.) No one should have cause for fear or complaint about honest balloting. But this, in the first instance, seems a matter for the TUC, rather than the government. Why should it not appoint a working-party to consider election procedure in the trade union movement and make recommendations for a fair-election code? This, indeed, is one way in which some of the damage this case has done could be repaired. Mr Ted Hill sensibly made this point on Tuesday. But when he shrugged off the ETU scandal as 'nothing to lose sleep about', because such 'irregularities' are inevitable in the trade union movement he, as TUC president, gave unwarrantable comfort to the ETU leadership. Such irresponsibility will merely intensify public suspicion that the TUC is dragging its feet, and thus add to the clamour for government intervention.

This issue is one of urgency. For it is possible that a recent judgment of Mr Justice Sachs against the Association of Engineering and Shipbuilding Draughtsmen will be upheld on appeal. Its implications are so serious for the trade union movement as a whole – many labour lawyers consider it the most important case since Taff Vale – that the TUC may well feel that amending legislation is required to protect trade union interests. In that case, if it approaches a Tory government, it could find that the price of what it wants is high – that a new trade union law must include some of the crippling measures now demanded by Tory extremists. The danger that the ETU scandal would promote such demands was always one of the cogent grounds on which this journal urged that it should be dealt with sooner rather than later, and by the TUC rather than by the courts. But that chance was lost, and the damage has been done.

Two consequences thus flow from the ETU judgment, each of them fraught with difficulty. The first concerns the future conduct of the ETU itself, and in this respect a great responsibility falls on the mass of the members to inform themselves of the facts and to exercise their democratic rights accordingly. The second concerns its lessons for British trade unionism. In this respect the role of the TUC is paramount. It cannot evade its responsibilities, even if these imply changes in its own structure and in familiar but dubious back-scratching arrangements among powerful union leaders.

At a time when its enemies are anxious to weaken it, and when its general secretary, Mr George Woodcock, seems to be willing to emasculate the political potency of trade unionism, it is essential that this powerful but increasingly old-fashioned bastion of democracy in Britain should put its own house in order – before someone else, far less sympathetic to the interests of the working-class, steps in to do the job uninvited.

Ich Will Willy

JOHN MANDER

The excellent publicity on which Herr Ulbricht can rely for his every turn of the Berlin screw has tended to push this year's federal elections into the shade. Yet, on 17 September, the West Germans will be electing their fourth *Bundestag*. And German Socialists do not appear to be pessimistic. If they cannot hope to win this election, they have at least a good chance of increasing their vote. They already share governmental responsibilities with non-Socialist parties in five of the 11 *Länder*. If the Russians continue to put pressure on Bonn, the SPD clearly hopes to force some kind of national coalition on a reluctant Adenauer.

It may not be easy for Adenauer to reject their embrace—a situation which promises to inject some grotesque comedy into a dull campaign. But why the embrace? It is just a year since Herbert Wehner, in a *Bundestag* debate that attracted little attention here at the time, proclaimed the SPD's New Course. The old course meant opposition at all costs and on all fronts; the SPD had voted against rearmament, the Common Market, integration into Nato. Adenauer was attacked again and again for preferring European to German unity. And Wehner himself, the leader of the left wing of the SPD, had been the most passionate exponent of this line.

Yet it was Wehner who publicly proclaimed the SPD's change of heart and took over Adenauer's foreign policy lock, stock and barrel. On 30 June 1960, the SPD crept to Canossa. Why? What led Wehner, the Bevan of the SPD, to smooth the path of the 'reformers' There seem to have been two motives. First, the SPD had tired of opposition. Men like Carlo Schmid, Fritz Erler, Heinrich Deist, and doubtless Wehner himself, saw themselves perpetually excluded from government – while less gifted colleagues exercised considerable power as *Länder* ministers under the federal system (education is a *Land* responsibility). Second, the CDU's landslide victory in September 1957 compelled the SPD to rethink its basic position.

What the electorate disliked in the SPD, it seemed reasonable to conclude, was not its home policies, but its ambivalence towards the Federal Republic itself – the proposition, in other words, which seemed to follow logically from SPD attitudes, that the Federal Republic was no more than a temporary artefact, imposed by the Allies, and due to be dismantled as soon as reunification came about. But by 1957 this was not how West Germans felt about the Federal Republic; they had adopted it as their own and were proud of its affluence and prestige. The SPD, in fact, had speculated on old-fashioned German patriotism, and lost. And, ironically, their very patriotic pose made them suspect to the now increasingly affluent citizens of *Wirtschaftswunderland*.

The 1957 vote compelled German Socialists to face this fact. Another moment of truth was the collapse, in May 1960, of the Summit conference. But already, at the Bad Godesberg party conference of 1959, the 'reformers' had forced through a programme which broke with the Marxism of Bebel and with nationalisation 'on the British model'. (SPD 'reformism' doesn't necessarily correspond to Labour Party 'revisionism': the SPD had long been very extreme in theory, and very moderate in practice.) The Summit collapse seems to have brought home at last to the leadership of the SPD what had long been clear to most observers: that the Russians had no more interest in disturbing the *status quo* in central Europe than the West German electorate. Once this was accepted, the SPD had no reasonable alternative but to ratify Adenauer's integration of West Germany both into western Europe and into the Atlantic Alliance.

The strategy of the New Course, then, seems to be to get as close to Adenauer on 'national issues' as is decently possible – and as *der Alte* will allow. That he will resist the SPD's embrace seems certain. He must see that a plea for a national government, in face of renewed Soviet threats, could be highly popular. And nothing would be easier, should such a coalition be refused, than for the SPD to argue that Adenauer had, as usual, sacrificed the national to his own party interests. Particularly so since – with Willy Brandt of Berlin as the Socialist candidate – it would be impossible for the CDU to argue that the SPD was not 'nationally reliable' in the face of the Soviet threat.

So far, in any case, Adenauer has fought off all attacks on his virtue with ruthless cunning. He insinuates that no change of heart stage-managed by a Wehner can be taken quite at face value (he speaks ironically of Wehner's 'international experience' – a reference to Wehner's years in Moscow). A whispering campaign has been set on foot against Willy Brandt (where was he during the war? Whose uniform did *he* wear?). And he has repeated his monstrous assertion, first made in the summer of 1957, that a victory for the SPD in the election would mean *der Untergang Deutschlands*.

How successful is the new strategy likely to be? The SPD is relying, apparently, on the following piece of arithmetic. They start with the plain fact that at no time since 1920 has the SPD contrived to break out of its magic circle of 30 per cent of the vote. But the CDU has escaped from the very similar 'ghetto' to which the pre-war Catholic Centrum was confined. (From a 31 per cent share of the poll in 1949, its percentage rose steeply to 45 per cent in 1953, and to 50 per cent in 1957.) By 1953 at the latest, the CDU had transformed itself into a *Volkspartei*, able to count as well on the votes of the Protestant farmers in Schleswig-Holstein and the Catholic workers in the Ruhr, as on the support of, for instance, Frankfurt big business or the Bavarian peasantry.

It had mopped up, too, the votes of the smaller regional parties, and most of the right-wing splinter groups that had sprung up after 1949. The German Party has only survived by grace of the CDU and may fail this time, despite its recent merger with the BHE refugees' party, to clear the five per cent hurdle into the *Bundestag*. Even the Free Democrats, the sturdiest of the minor parties, declined from 12 per cent in 1949 to eight per cent in 1957; this time they are expected to drop further. The SPD's only chance of achieving power, so the party managers reasoned, was to transform itself similarly into a *Volkspartei* of the left.

Could this be done? The figures for *Land*, as distinct from federal, elections suggested that it could. A vote of 34 per cent in 1952 rose, in four *Länder*, during a bad period for the CDU, to 41 per cent in 1956. Yet in a federal election the SPD vote never rose above 30 per cent. The implications were clear; the electorate was prepared to see the SPD in power at municipal and *Land*, but not at national, level. The SPD's home policies – security for the aged, student subsidies, free schools – were popular with the electorate, but its foreign policy was suspect.

How sanguine are the leaders of the SPD? Publicly, of course, they are arguing that Adenauer should retire, that what Germany needs now is a Kennedy (the CDU has, unfortunately, its own Kennedy in reserve, the egregious Franz-Josef Strauss, whose succession now seems inevitable). Privately, they would be well content with a vote that brought them nearer to the 40 per cent than to the 30 per cent mark. An increase of this kind might enable them to force a national coalition – conceivably, by forming an alliance with the 40-odd Free Democrats in the new *Bundestag*. They would then be in a position to influence not only the social legislation, but also the international policies, of the new federal government.

All this, of course, depends on Adenauer; and in his present mood wild horses would not drag him to sit in a Cabinet with Wehner and Brandt. He is sure that the slogans to which West Germans responded so well in 1957 (No Experiments! Prosperity for Everyone! Remember Hungary!) will serve equally well in 1961. He is very likely right. On present form, Brandt does not seem to be a very dangerous rival. True the SPD is now busy distributing *Ich Will Willy* badges to its supporters. But instead of playing Jack Kennedy, Brandt is prone to echo Adenauer's own you've-never-had-it-so-good complacency.

But the whole strategy of the SPD is now directed towards a Grand Coalition, on the model of the 'black-and-red' coalitions that have been in power in Austria and in Berlin since the war. Powerful voices in the CDU – Gerstenmaier, probably Erhard – are known to be in favour of such a solution; and, despite appearances, Adenauer may not be immortal. What would be the advantages of such a coalition? The most obvious arises from the difficult decisions which West Germany is going to be asked to take in the immediate future – *de facto* recognition of East Germany and the Oder-Neisse line and the nuclear armament of the Bundeswehr. Decisions on such momentous issues ought to be taken, if possible, by a responsible and overwhelming majority of the West German population. If taken by a grand coalition of the *Volksparteien* of the left and the right, the growth of any irredentist movement would be effectively inhibited. For British Socialists, the presence in the Bonn government of the SPD, with its record of resistance to both Hitler and Stalin, would at least be a token that what we were called upon to defend was a democracy and not the clerical autocracy of a Bavarian Salazar.

Going Abroad?

Readers holiday-making in Italy and other parts of the Continent this summer should find copies of the NEW STATESMAN *at foreign-newspaper kiosks in most of the main centres. If you will be off the beaten track we will post your copy to you; simply send us your address and 1s. per copy.*

New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1

London Diary

CHARON

Lord Home's demeanour at the Foreign Press Association's lunch on Tuesday was much gentler than it has seemed in some of his recent speeches for public consumption. He even piped for sweet reason on Berlin. Naturally, he threw no light on the mysterious and, some say, phoney Kuwait crisis. Who or what touched off Kassem? The suggestion that he is off his head seems improbable. He certainly hasn't gone very far off it yet. Old oil hands are saying that the suggestion that he should shake a fist at Kuwait came from one of those roving American emissaries. They add that we shall be lucky if we get through without having to part with a bit more of our 50 per cent. The Americans have always had their eye on the immensely rich Kuwait oil fields. The difference in wage rates between Texas, where a driller may be earning as much as £10,000 a year, and Kuwait, where he gets around £500, is especially enticing. We parted with the first 50 per cent in 1931-2 – when it was sold, very reluctantly, for a song to the American Gulf Petroleum Company by Sir John Simon, under strong pressure from Andrew Mellon. Why we continued to obey the American bankers when the depression had shown up their incompetence is still one of the mysteries of that period.

* * *

Mr Macmillan has a new nickname. 'Forever Amber'. It has been bestowed on him by Lady Violet Bonham Carter. It refers, of course, to his inability – or refusal – to take a decision on any of the several present vital issues. Assuming that Berlin is the major crisis, his light certainly seems to have got stuck somewhere. Meanwhile, expressions of reluctance to die for a West Berlin that has not yet even been seriously threatened from the East – except as what diplomatists call a *point d'appui* or *place d'armes* – are arriving from all points of the compass. The dramatic critic of the *Sunday Times* for instance seemed to be a bit doubtful about the sacrifice, although his equation of Brecht with the Nazi spirit may have seemed a bit off course. Personally, I think I see what he means. The other night I sat up late in a friend's house listening to a museum collection of gramophone records of *The Threepenny Opera*. I heard versions of *Mac the Knife* as sung by almost everybody from Ella Fitzgerald back to the original. The nearer we got to Weil's tempo, the odder the mixture of satire, sadism and sentiment. Brecht, undoubtedly, knew what he was doing. So did his composer. Suddenly, I had a moment of what seemed to me to be revelation. I said: 'This reminds me of a school OTC Field Day'. The band was playing *Colonel Bogey* as we marched through a village on a summer evening. It was one of those dangerous nodal points when the picaresque, rebel spirit fuses with discipline. This, for many people, was the spiritual temptation of Fascism. The moral remains: never trust a German with a penknife. If only there was some chance of dinning this unhappy theme into the heads of our rulers.

* * *

How mad can you get? The following extracts from the deliberations of the American journalist, Joseph Alsop, who writes in the *New York Herald Tribune* and whom the *Guardian* in its Mancunian wisdom sees fit to reprint, have been sent in by a reader. They appertain to *This America* rather than *This England*:

> Resumed American testing will give Minute Man the stronger warhead which the scientific dissenters originally called for; and it will greatly increase Polaris efficiency too. But this is not all resumed testing will do. It will open the way for American development of neutron-flux bombs – the better, brighter weapons of the future, which will merely kill all living things within their range, while leaving intact all valuable inanimate objects, such as cannon factories, and apartment houses.

* * *

Electronic listening or eavesdropping devices have been the rage in the US for some time. And not only in intelligence circles. They've already spread to this country. I'm told that a fascinating and probably important test case is soon likely to get under way. According to what I hear, the general manager, presumably somewhat paranoid, of a large enterprise centred in a Midland town insisted on equipping his personal assistants with complete sets of listening devices – bugs, as the Americans call them. The play-back produced a scarifying bit of dialogue about him from two executives. He fired them on the spot. The two fired men consulted a solicitor. Had they any means of redress? Their solicitor advises them that the use of mechanical listening devices constitutes an act of trepass. Legal proceedings are being taken accordingly. It will be interesting to see what effect the upshot has upon the eternal struggle between our security services and the liberty of the subject.

* * *

The insinuation which some old lags like to make that a modern hanging entails prolonged physical torture is almost certainly incorrect. In fact, the drop method probably is more or less instantaneous in most cases. The doctor and the hangman go down together into the pit immediately after the drop. Sometimes the hangman tugs at the putative corpse's legs as a final precaution.

The Table of Drops in feet per stone of body weight was compiled by a celebrated 19th-century hangman named Berry ('doubtless God could have made a better Berry . . .'). When hanging in public, by the old-fashioned noose strangulation method, was done away with in the middle of the 19th century and hanging became private, a neater technique, more suitable for the enclosed space of prisons, was necessary. Grisly experiences with too long drops for heavy men, resulting in some alfresco decapitations, prompted Berry to apply himself to the arithmetic of suspension.

* * *

I've read most of the obituaries of Hemingway, but so far I haven't seen one that made any detailed comparison between him and Jack London, who was, in some ways, the archetype of American romantic tough with a strong under-dog bias. A curious feature of Hemingway was the strict limitations that he always seemed to force upon himself. Most people, one imagines, repress their instincts. Hemingway was always repressing his intellect. I suspect he was one of those cases that can be explained in terms of Sheldon's typology. He was over-endowed physically and temperamentally, and was never able to be harmoniously integrated, except perhaps during his very early growing period. Meanwhile, the legend accumulates.

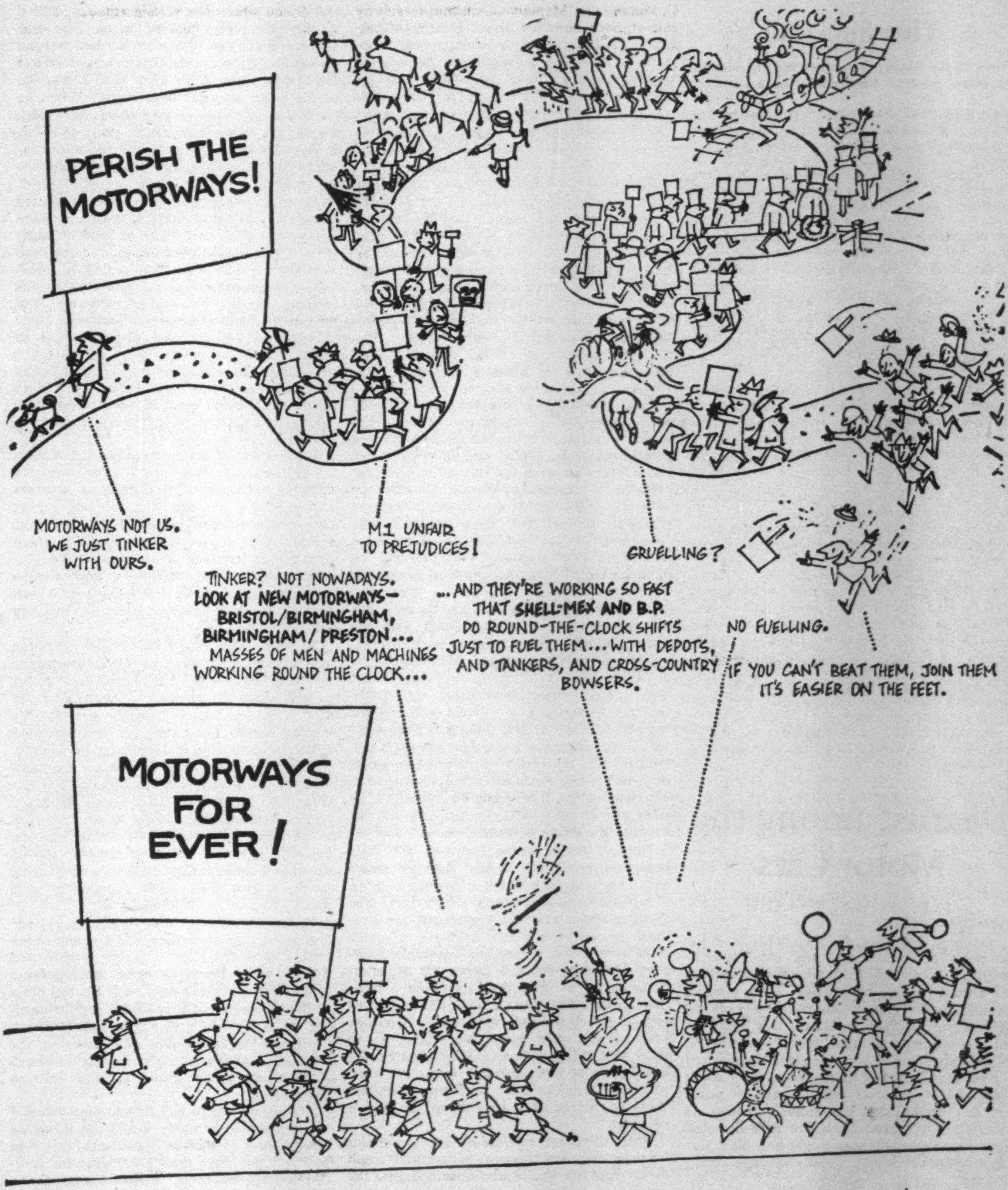
A friend who saw a certain amount of him in Madrid at the time of its siege in the Spanish Civil War tells me this story – illustrating the romantic tough's exacting standard of fortitude. 'What do you think,' asked an earnest American disciple of Hemingway's, 'of X?' (X was a Swiss journalist who had recently arrived.) My friend said so far as he knew X was all right. 'But', said the disciple, 'he blinks. And you know what Ernest thinks of people who blink. They're yellow.' 'Well', said my friend, 'tell Ernest that X blinks from a nervous affliction, a kind of occupational twitch of tic contracted when he was working in a watch factory.' Next day, the disciple met my friend again: 'I told Ernest what you said. He still thinks he's yellow. He says: "Why does the guy blink only when shells come over?" '

* * *

One of the most neglected yet important sectors of the fight against crime is British Railways. The total volume of theft on railway premises is large. It has been as high as £2.5m to £3m in a year. The railway police are a separate body. They are known as 'The Railway Law'. Both the Metropolitan and City police, as well as the criminal underworld, affect to turn down their noses at them. My own impressions were rather contradictory when, some time ago, I met some Railway Law high-ups. I was impressed by the ingenuity by which they used statistical methods to track down and localise what they called a 'black spot' – i.e. a concentration of thefts on a particular stretch of line. Some of their devices, however, for spotting crimes at the big termini seemed less efficient. One officer told me with pride about his elaborate system of spy-holes. I asked what recent captures he had made. He said, proudly, that only the day before one of his staff had been able to apprehend two porters in an act of indecency *in flagrante delicto*. Afterwards I learned that a cache of several thousand pounds' worth of stolen property had been hidden for months under a certain platform at that same terminus, which had been nicknamed Ali Baba's Cave. I hope (as an admirer of Freeman Wills Croft) that Dr Beeching is addressing himself to this problem as well as to all the others that confront him.

* * *

Caviare. Vodka. Russian 'champagne'. And Georgian wine. These are soon to be some of the amenities offered by our near neighbour in High Holborn, the Russian Shop Ltd. This is a private enterprise with two directors, Dr Sar and Mrs Mair Smith; but it has the blessing of the Soviet Trade delegation. So far, apart from carved wooden bears and those dolls which contain each other in smaller and smaller sizes until you begin to feel the ultimate particle has been reached, there are no obvious ideologically-charged artefacts. I'm told that the Customs and Excise are almost certain to grant, very shortly, a licence whereby the shop can sell wine by the bottle. The only prices I have been able to ascertain are 7s 6d a bottle of Georgian wine, white or red. Prices for vodka and the white sparkling wine which may not be described as champagne haven't yet been fixed. The licence for a bar, at which caviare, crab, vodka, and wine could be sold, may take rather longer to obtain. The prospect of gourmets on to a good thing sitting rump-by-thigh with loyal fellow-travellers who would pay 19s. 6d. for a sliver of Siberian parsnip if they thought it would help the cause, is one I don't intend to miss.


PERISH THE MOTORWAYS!
MOTORWAYS NOT US. WE JUST TINKER WITH OURS.
M1 UNFAIR TO PREJUDICES!
GRUELLING?
TINKER? NOT NOWADAYS. LOOK AT NEW MOTORWAYS— BRISTOL/BIRMINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM/PRESTON... MASSES OF MEN AND MACHINES WORKING ROUND THE CLOCK...
...AND THEY'RE WORKING SO FAST THAT SHELL-MEX AND B.P. DO ROUND-THE-CLOCK SHIFTS JUST TO FUEL THEM... WITH DEPOTS, AND TANKERS, AND CROSS-COUNTRY BOWSERS.
NO FUELLING.
IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM, JOIN THEM IT'S EASIER ON THE FEET.
MOTORWAYS FOR EVER!

Facts worth remembering:—(1) Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd are major fuel suppliers on Britain's new Motorways, as they were on M1. (2) They have the most experience in supplying fuels to road-building machinery on the site, day or night.

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This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

On May 23 this year, Bull was heard by P.c. Brearley in the Market Place using words which the constable handed to the Bench on a slip of paper.

'I warned him of the offence and he used these words,' said the Constable, handing the magistrate another slip of paper.

So the Constable said he would report him for the offence of using indecent language to the annoyance of residents. Bull used some more words which P.c. Brearley handed to the bench on a slip of paper.

And as the Constable walked away, Bull was shouting the words which the Constable handed to the magistrates on another slip of paper. – *Advertiser & High Peak News*. (P. Walker.)

I told my baker I was dreading a coach journey when I went on holiday because I suffered from travel sickness and he advised me to sit on a newspaper while travelling.

I tried it on a five-hour journey and for the first time in my life I travelled in complete comfort.

Was it that the tip just gave me confidence, or was there something in it?

A woman on the bus told me that she never travelled without brown paper tucked inside her corset. – Letter in *Daily Herald*. (F. Marson.)

Clark, who gave evidence with his left arm in a sling, said: 'After I was shot I said to him, "What did you do that for, George? I think you took a liberty".' – *Daily Telegraph*. (R. V. Nash.)

All these foreigners accept our many facilities without a qualm – and get everything they want – and no questions asked.

Probably this is the reason insurance charges have been raised. – Letter in *Leicester Mercury*. (J. Orford.)

Distrust among the Motor Cars

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

In some industries, the way a machine has to work determines the way men have to work. A Bessemer must pour at a certain time, or a blast furnace be emptied, if the product is not to be ruined and all the workers' efforts wasted. Workers accept this discipline of the machine because they know that it is inescapable; and it is therefore no accident or peculiar sleight of management that labour relations in the steel industry are so stable or that even inside the motor industry, so continuously racked elsewhere with disputes, the men who tend coke ovens and blast furnaces have continued placidly through all the storms.

But for the motor industry proper there can be no such peace-engendering atmosphere. For there the discipline is set, not by the inevitable processes of a machine, but by the decisions of human beings, whose interests may often conflict with the interests of those on whom the discipline is imposed. Men making components or working on the assembly line know that the machine can work or the line move at varying speeds without damaging the product.

Generally, though not always, their interest lies in a slower rate, say five operations in an hour, so that they can earn their hourly rate without excessive thrust; but, again generally, the interests of the management, stopwatch in hand, are for a quicker rate, say ten operations in an hour, so that it can get higher output for the same pay. The stresses which are felt before a rate of, say, seven operations an hour is eventually agreed often create distrust; and distrust, like a damp fog, lies heavy on the motor industry today.

Distrust . . . from the nature of a job, where masters assume that men are dragging their feet and men assume that the masters have got the whip out . . . distrust from past history when Sir William Morris and Mr Henry Ford would go to almost any length rather than recognise trade unions . . . distrust from haphazard development, with the BMC group, for example, widespread over Cowley, Coventry, Birmingham, South Wales and, soon, Scotland, with all the difficulties *that* entails in making workers feel part of a whole . . .

These natural distrusts are stimulated by apparent bad faith – of the management who agreed that apprentices should be paid a percentage of the skilled rate and who, when the skilled rate went up, refused to raise the earnings of apprentices on the grounds that national negotiations on apprentices were pending; and of the shop stewards who failed for two days to pass on an official union instruction to stay in and then passed it on in such garbled form that the workers walked out immediately.

As if this were not enough, there is distrust between the managements and the official unions – 'We talk to the leaders round a table and they're so full of "Ban the Bomb" or "What Mrs Castle said about Cyprus" that we can't get them down from the stratosphere.' Then there is distrust between the workers and the official unions – 'They can't be on the spot when every row blows up but, God's teeth, when Jim Mathews announces on TV that he's got a formula for settlement, why the hell can't he come down and tell us what the formula is?' And there's distrust between the workers themselves.

Not all these motor factories are fully organised, so there's a feud between union men and 'creepers'. There is in fact such an 'I'm-bloody-well-going-to-be-alright-Jack' line in some shops that speaking terms are confined to expletives. For example, Morris's have a rule that during periods of 'redundancy' the men who last joined the organisation should be first out. Everyone accepts that as fair. But when a new line is started and is going through its teething troubles, some of the older stagers in Morris try to insist that the new line shall be tried on the last inners at low earnings rates, but that, when the wrinkles have been smoothed out, they themselves shall step in to the higher earnings.

Then there are rate-for-the-job arguments between men and women, 'differential' arguments between skilled and unskilled, and the disgust of men at, say, Cowley, who, temporarily happy with their work, find themselves laid off because some men at Swindon have gone on strike and the flow of parts to Cowley has dried up.

In such an atmosphere as this, the only hope of reasonable peace is exceptionally speedy negotiating machinery and exceptionally skilled management. The motor industry shows little sign that it is willing to use either. There is 'on the spot' negotiating machinery, by which shop stewards can take a case through the foreman by stages to the works manager. Some disputes are settled quickly this way; but so often the shop steward finds that the man he sees has no real authority to decide, that the issue is 'one for Group decision' or even 'that it must go to York for national negotiation'. When he finds that sticking to procedure can mean weeks and, in some instances, years of delay, a shop steward is the more inclined to act unofficially but directly and bring his men out on strike.

As for management, it is still capable of elementary mistakes, such as expecting paint sprayers to work in the heat of summer under glass which has no covering against the midday sun. It still tends to confine its communications with workers to pronouncements in language which is incomprehensible but sounds threatening; and it still employs some chargehands and foremen who have had no training in the handling of men. This does not mean that motor industry management is bad by comparison with other industries. It does mean that it is not good enough to cope with the exceptional conditions found in its own industry.

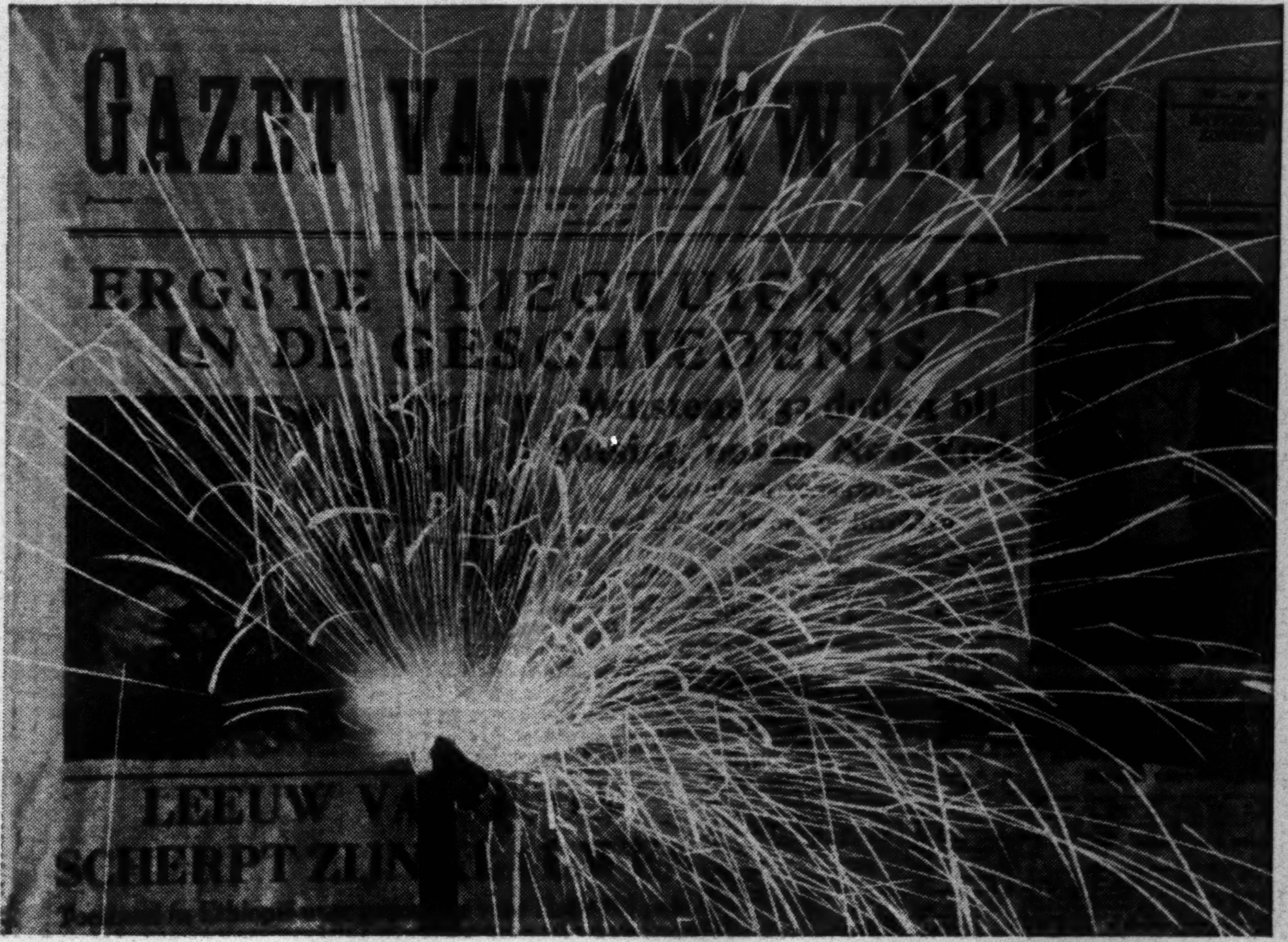
What must be done to remedy the defects of this industry which directly or indirectly employs hundreds of thousands of workers and provides a large slice of our export trade? Some managements now talk of special legislation which would attach penalties to any side which took action outside the negotiating machinery or broke an agreement once reached. I believe that such legislation would bring the whole industry out on strike.

A better idea would be to give far more power than at present to works managers, foremen and chargehands in individual plants to give decisions on day to day matters so that grievances can be quickly settled. This in turn would mean that the unions would either have to give more powers of negotiation to shop stewards or so increase the numbers of their own district officers that, as with the Transport and General Workers' Union in the docks, when a dispute arises, a union official is on the spot within minutes. Equally important all managements should do what Ford's, for example, are now trying to do – give their 3,500 supervisory staff special courses in handling men.

Perhaps above all senior management must find some way of making and keeping direct contact with the huge numbers of men and women under them. So often the top brass of management deals only with the top brass of the unions. What is needed is regular meetings with the shop stewards and frequent, short and simple bulletins of explanation for the rank and file. None of this will remove the tensions but it could at least help to lessen them.

Tensions could be still further diminished if the industry as a whole would cut down on the numbers of models it produces. One firm puts out no fewer than 1,200 different commercial vehicles and, though many of the differences are trivial, each one can mean the negotiation of a special rate, with resulting friction. Fewer models would mean larger runs and lower costs. It would mean less need for negotiation. It would give men a better chance to settle to a particular job. But ironically the industry, in some ways, is highly competitive. In terms of variety it is always trying to keep one step ahead of the Joneses. By so doing, it seems to me, it is beginning to drop several steps behind the Germans and the French and could end in something like disaster.

Flemish as spoken in Wolverhampton



PR173H

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Child Rape

ANTHONY STORR

Our first reaction to any case of child rape is horror. To rape and murder a little girl is the most revolting of crimes. It is easy to sympathise with those who feel that a man who could do such a thing should be flogged or executed or at least deprived of liberty until his death. We think of our own young daughters and we shudder. The child rapist has alienated himself from our society, and we want to eliminate him, to supress him, to forget that he ever existed. In our anger and disgust we shut him away, and call him a monster of inhumanity.

It is a natural reaction – and one which is inevitably occasioned whenever there is a well-reported case of child rape. But it is both irrational and unconstructive. You and I may imagine that we could never rape a child and then murder it: but, if we are honest with ourselves, we have to admit that even this potentiality exists within us. We do not know what internal pressures drive the rapist, nor what conditions determine his dreadful acts. But he cannot be regarded as a different kind of animal with different instincts; for he is also human, and subject to the same laws and the same forces which determine the desires of every one of us. It is tempting to treat him as something utterly foreign from ourselves and so avoid looking into our own depths.

The truth is that in regarding the man who commits this dreadful act, we are regarding the worst in human nature; but it is still that human nature which is shared by us all, and to turn away in horror is futile. To condemn him as inhuman is to fall into the trap of treating him as he treated his victims; as a thing, not a person, a thing on whom we can let loose our own sadistic impulses, not a fellow creature who might, even yet, be redeemed. Animals engage in many activities which are equally unpleasant; but we regard them, if not with equanimity, at least without disgust. It is just because the child rapist is one of us that his crimes appear so horrible.

Those of us who are relatively normal in our sexual desires do not realise how fortunate we are. It is so easy for us to find satisfaction; and, in our state of contentment, it is also easy for us to condemn those who are driven by the compulsions of perversion. The normal person may find it difficult to imagine the state of mind in which a man will pace the streets for hours, hoping against hope that he will see a woman with red-gold hair. We may find it hard to believe that one man can be potent only if a woman whispers obscenities to him; while another can find release only if he is treated like a slave.

The conditions required for the pervert to obtain what others can get so easily are often extremely complex. They may also be ludicrous or pathetic; but the underlying reason for them is always the same. The pervert, uncertain of himself as a man, is searching for a set of circumstances in which he can feel fully potent; and those who can remember the uncertainties of their own adolescence will treat such aberrations with sympathy rather than ridicule. It is harder to extend compassion to the man who will rape a child, but we should hesitate before we dismiss him; for we all harbour within us desires which are not dissimilar.

People do not commit sexual crimes out of an excess of lust, but rather because the crime represents the only way in which it is possible for them to find release from what to them may be an intolerable tension. Acquisitive crime is an activity of the immature and the deprived. People steal because they want something, because they cannot wait for it and because they cannot conceive being successful enough to obtain what they want in orthodox ways. Sexual crime springs from similar motives. The pervert, like the rest of us, wants sexual satisfaction; he cannot wait for it, and he cannot conceive being able to obtain it in the usual fashion. He may be married; but he is generally unable to find sexual fulfilment in his marriage, because his immaturity precludes his making an adult relation with his wife. He is therefore forced to remain continent or else to practise his perversion. And which of us can be sure that he could always remain continent?

Moreover, the unintelligent are denied an outlet which may bring some satisfaction to the more gifted. Desire can be assuaged in imagination only if one is capable of imagination; and the dullard may be so tied to the concrete that he is unable to find release in fantasy.

Why is it that certain people choose children as their sexual objects? In the past, the procuring of children was not uncommon; and as recently as 1885 a journalist, W. T. Stead, was able to buy a girl of 13 for £10 and keep her in a brothel. It was because of his articles describing this that procuring girls for prostitution became an indictable offence. Child-prostitution is well-known in the East, and it is not impossible that it may still go on in this country. I have myself known of a case in which a girl was brought up in a brothel and made available at the age of 13 to the tycoons who frequented it (it was very expensive). One can only hope that the effect of driving prostitutes off the street has not been to make such things more common.

The desire for a child partner in sexual activity springs from a variety of motives. Some men find excitement in initiating the innocent, since they can thus demonstrate their superiority in sexual knowledge if in nothing else. Others are drawn to children because they cannot imagine that any adult would treat them tenderly. Many are attempting to recapture a sexual experience of their own childhood, perhaps the most satisfying that they have ever achieved. Still others are driven by the desire for a child because they can only play the masculine role when their partner is young enough or small enough to make their weakness appear to be strength and their impotence something to fear.

The sadist is a man whose inner sense of weakness is so extreme that he has to dominate his partner forcibly if he is to be potent; and it is naturally easier for him to do this if his partner is a child. The final expression of sadistic domination is murder; but, fortunately, such cases are extremely rare. Most perverts are timid people; and although many children will continue to be sexually approached, very few of them will be physically injured.

It is important that children be protected; and they should be told the truth about the dangers. It is also important that we should not simply recoil in horror, but that when we catch the child rapist we should study him and the conditions which produced him. In that way only may we be able both to prevent the emergence of his like and to offer help to those who are driven by similar desires. The pervert, as well as society (and for the sake of society) requires from the rest of us protection from his own compulsions.

Correspondence

POWER IN THE PARTIES

SIR, – Mr McKenzie should not be surprised that, whenever I review a new book on the Labour Party, I find myself mentioning the central thesis of his own *British Political Parties.* The truth is that this book has been accepted – far too uncritically – as the standard account of how the Labour Party works. Although one or two researchers, such as Mr Martin Harrison, have exposed its inadequacy, in most of our Departments of Politics it is expounded as the gospel truth. I am delighted, therefore, to hear that Mr McKenzie has decided to revise it and that he is going to take the events since the Scarborough conference as a 'test case' of his proposition that 'final authority in the determination of policy must rest, whatever the party constitution may appear to imply, with the parliamentary party and its leaders'.

In order to get the controversy clear, it may be convenient if I propound a counter-thesis. This runs: 'Sovereignty in the Labour Party is divided between the parliamentary and the extra-parliamentary party, with the latter the final authority on policy issues. If either side tries to subject the other to its orders, the result is a deadlock, which must at all costs be resolved at the next conference.

Mr McKenzie is correct in stating that the conference 'cannot direct the parliamentary party to adopt policies to which it is opposed'. But it is equally true – and equally confirmed by events since Scarborough – that the parliamentary party cannot direct the conference. When the conference rejects its policy, as happened at Scarborough, the parliamentary party cannot, without affronting the spirit of the constitution, insist that this decision should be rescinded. What it can do, and what it did after Scarborough, is to prepare, in collaboration with the National Executive, new proposals, with which to persuade conference to have second thoughts.

Mr McKenzie is concerned to analyse not merely constitutional rights but where effective power lies. Certainly the parliamentary party exercises an effective veto on policies it strongly objects to. But Mr McKenzie fails to note that the conference, in its turn, exercises a veto on the politicians. It is by this means that the trade unions, in the last resort, would be able to say 'no' if the leadership at Westminster ever tried to force a policy on the Labour Party fundamentally inimical to their interests. Normally these vetoes are not openly spoken and merely provide a background to the continuous internal controversy. Whenever either side starts brandishing its veto, this proves that the Labour Party is in a bad way and drastic healing remedies must be applied.

Recently Mr McKenzie has argued in the press that this division of powers should be ended by making the conference a consultative body and vesting absolute control of policy in a leadership elected by the parliamentary party. I need not tell him that an attempt to carry this proposal out would be the surest way of splitting the Labour Party and destroying it. Indeed, I sometimes suspect that this is what both he and those who offer similar advice must be trying to achieve.

Others, less reckless than Mr McKenzie, want to rewrite the constitution so as to define more precisely the division of sovereignty between the parliamentary party on the one side and the conference and its executive on the other. Others again urge that, without any change in the constitution, there should be a *de facto* fusion of policy making. At present the preparation of new policy statements, such as *Signposts for the Sixties,* is the sole responsibility of the NEC. They suggest the NEC should in future share this responsibility with the parliamentary party.

I agree that the relationship between the two bodies is loose and ill-defined. At the moment, for example, both the NEC and the Shadow

Cabinet would be entitled to stand on their rights and formulate the party's policy on the Common Market, without consulting the other. It is a matter of pure convenience that on this issue the initiative has been left to the parliamentarians, who are dealing with it currently at Westminster. Theoretically, this lack of definition should be intolerable and unworkable. That it does work is mainly due to the heavy representation of the parliamentary leadership on the National Executive and to the equal and opposite trade union representation inside the parliamentary party. Normally, this personal interpenetration of two bodies resolves any potential conflict But, if it fails to do so, no constitutional change will avert deadlock and the danger of a split.

I conclude, therefore, that the events since Scarborough have finally demonstrated the wrongheadedness of Mr McKenzie's central thesis. Thank heavens no one at Westminster has been silly enough to practise what he preaches in *British Political Parties*. If our parliamentary leadership had done so, we should have been heading for a disastrous and not what I believe will be a successful conference at Blackpool next October.

R. H. S. Crossman

House of Commons

Sir, – It is good news that Mr Robert McKenzie is to revise his *British Political Parties* for a new edition. The book has proved invaluable over the last few years for the study and teaching of its subjects, and the incorporation of material dealing with recent events will no doubt enable it to be of equal use in the future.

At the same time, many observers must all along have felt that Mr McKenzie never got the Labour Party quite right. The absence of effective treatment of the role of the trade unions, and especially the trade union leadership, can only be regarded as a serious defect, which tends to vitiate the general conclusions about the power-structure of the party. In spite of his laudable anxiety to get beyond the appearance of institutions to their reality, Mr McKenzie's treatment of the Labour Party is curiously institutional – he has chapters on the parliamentary leadership, on the conference, on the National Executive, but nothing on the trade unions, which surely form the other 'head' of the 'Socialist Cerberus' as Mr Crossman described it in his review of my book.

If, therefore, Mr McKenzie is willing to take some advice from an outsider, may I venture to suggest that he adds a chapter on the trade union leadership as a factor in the control of the party? Using Mr Reginald Bassett's *1931*, I think he can form a clear conception of the way in which Bevin and Citrine converted the Labour Cabinet of the time to the rejection of MacDonald's views, and thus prepared the way for MacDonald's subsequent expulsion from the party leadership.

Using Mr Alan Bullock's *Ernest Bevin*, he can trace the enormous power that Bevin exerted, not only directly through his influence on conference, but also indirectly through his control of the policy of the *Daily Herald* and in many other ways. Using Mr V. L. Allen's *Trade Unions and the Government* and (may I suggest?) my own recent book, he can get a clearer picture of how both Bevin and Citrine continued to dominate the party throughout the 1930's by means of that now obsolete institution, the National Council of Labour.

By the time he has done all this, he can begin to apply himself to the significance of post-war leaders such as Arthur Deakin and Frank Cousins. The only trouble is, that I am not sure how much will then be left of his original thesis about the similarity of the power-structure of the two major political parties; unless he can show – as well he might – that there are similar wicked or not-so-wicked uncles lurking off-stage behind the Chamberlains, Churchills and Macmillans.

Henry Pelling

The Queen's College
Oxford

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SIGNPOSTS FOR THE SIXTIES

Sir, – Your analysis of *Signposts for the Future* seems to me exceptionally confused – as if written by two hands, a right and a left. You stress the need for 'a much greater degree of public ownership and state intervention'; you also note the 'ambiguity' of the document as to 'the conditions on which public ownership may be extended'; but you then go on to suggest that the document 'provides for growth in a mixed economy by shifting the balance within it from the private to the public sector.'

This is nonsense. Save for the public ownership of building land (conceived in terms of geological time), the document, in this respect, marks a retreat from previous statements, certainly from the already anaemic *Challenge to Britain* of 1953. Indeed, it does not seem even certain, from the published reports, that steel and transport *are* down for renationalisation. The document says there is a case for it. But are we to understand that a Labour government would *act* on the case? As you say, the terms of the document are 'broad'. But you err in suggesting that Socialists will feel any uncertainty about the lengths to which a Labour government would actually go in extending the public sector: Socialists know that a Labour government led by Mr Gaitskell and mainly staffed by like-minded colleagues would do the least it possibly could in this direction. How much more evidence do you need to be finally convinced that one essential aspect of Gaitskellism is opposition to any substantial extension of public ownership?

You might well have argued that the document proposes some useful measures of reform, appropriate to a Labour government concerned, not with 'reconstructing rather than reforming our society', but with precisely the reverse; you might further have argued (mistakenly, in my opinion) that 'unity' is too important at this juncture to allow vigorous opposition to the document. But why should you, by seeking to suggest that *Signposts for the Sixties* passes any Socialist test, add to a confusion which is of major advantage to revisionists and neo-Liberals, but which is immensely harmful to the Labour movement?

Ralph Miliband

1 Rosecroft Avenue
NW3

We said that the 'point of this plan is to provide for growth in a mixed economy'. Whether or not it eventually 'provides' for it by shifting the balance from the private to the public sector depends on the degree to which it implements the various proposals for extending public ownership. Mr Miliband seems to rely on the old and bad legal maxim: .when in doubt abuse plaintiff's attorney. He may not trust Mr Gaitskell, 'revisionists and neo-Liberals' to carry out these proposals, but that distrust is not an argument against the proposals themselves. These were the subject of our comment.

BERLIN CRISIS

Sir, – After so much angry talk about the need to be ready to 'fight for the rights of Free Berlin', it was a relief to read in the *Washington Star* a commentator's support for Senator Mansfield's plea for 'an honourable third way out of the deadlock'.

Senator Mansfield's proposal (published on 15 June) was that West and East Berlin should be united under international supervision, guaranteed by the Nato powers on the one hand and by the Warsaw Pact powers on the other. This would ensure neutrality in the spirit of the UN. It might well be a first step toward a peaceful settlement of the German problem as a whole.

Hot-heads would have us believe that the slightest concession to the Russian point of view would be 'appeasement' – in the modern sense of abject surrender. The idea that our side is 100 per cent right and the other side is 100 per cent wrong has led to innumerable wars in the past. If it does so again, in this atomic age, we can say good-bye to western civilisation.

To quote from the *Washington Star*: 'It is not sensible to say that no compromise is possible. This is the way to stumble blindly into another war, which would certainly ruin Berlin and which would destroy most of mankind. The answer to those who merely cry "stand firm" is that the highest duty of statesmanship is to seek acceptable alternatives to war.'

C. E. Cookson

Sompting, Sussex

CRICKET AND APARTHEID

Sir, – The Imperial Cricket Conference takes place at Lords on 19 July. It is very likely that a move will be made to amend the rules in order to enable South Africa, even though now outside the Commonwealth, to continue as a member with full rights to play test matches and send and receive official touring teams. Readers will recall that last year when the South African Springboks were due to come here the MCC, the main power at the Conference, refused to support any amendment of the international rules so as to require the South African Cricket Association to end the rigid colour-bar it had been exercising since its formation, about 50 years before the post-war Nationalist governments took office. Correspondence by ourselves and by the non-racial South African Sports Association with the MCC and with the racist South African Cricket Association was useless and the MCC continuously evaded the issue by implying that it was the policies of the South African government we were complaining about and not the purely voluntary one of the Association. The South African body declined to even reply to letters, save on one or two occasions to send a formal acknowledgement.

This Campaign hopes that delegates at the forthcoming conference will decline to play South Africa's game in all senses of the word, and let her openly apartheid membership continue.

Antony Steel
Hon. Secretary

Campaign Against Race
Discrimination in Sport
211 Hampstead Way, NW11

NEW PARTY

Sir, – Perhaps some of your Canadian readers will be interested in the New Party Club which has just been formed in London in connection with the development of the new social democratic party in Canada.

We shall be holding at least two meetings before the Founding Convention which is to be in Ottawa from 31 July to 4 August this summer, for consideration of the draft constitution and programme. This will be of some value as we expect to be represented at the convention, and we also hope to continue meeting here after it.

I would be glad to supply anyone who is interested with further details.

J. M. Wilson

36 South Side
Clapham Common
SW4

SPYING ON THE LEFT

Sir, – In attributing to my information the statements contained on Page 61 of his memoir of Orage, Mr Mairet's memory has played him false. Orage never admitted to me that Kennedy was my successor as *New Age* foreign editor. He was always strict in not disclosing the identity of those writing under pen names. For a period, I thought it was someone else (Bechofer Roberts). It was only after the 1914-1918 war had ended that the information came to my knowledge. When Mairet came to see me after being deputed to write the Orage memoir, I gave him such information as I could, but I had not seen either Orage or the *New Age* from 1916 to 1919, so there was a great *lacuna*.

However, all your correspondents seem to have missed the point of my original letter. Those who may be interested in the subject matter will find some curious references to Kennedy by an admirer in Paul Silver's *Orage and the New Age Circle*, pages 19 and 20 and elsewhere, which was published in 1959.

C. H. Norman

15 Old Square, WC2

THE ARREST OF FRICIS MENDERS

Sir, – According to information published recently, Dr Fricis Menders has been arrested by the secret police in Riga. It is expected that he will be tried and, presumably, sentenced to imprisonment with forced labour. He is 76 years old and suffers from heart-trouble.

For many years between the two wars Dr Menders was president of the Social Democratic Party of Latvia and a member of the bureau of the Socialist International. In 1948 he was sentenced to spend ten years in a forced labour camp. In 1955 he was released after representations by the Socialist International.

The Communist press in Latvia has not reported the recent arrest. Apparently the police hope that the arrest will not become known and thus arouse protests among Socialists in the West.

Raphael Sealey

Queen Mary College
Mile End Road
E1

TURBULENT BISHOP

Sir, – Your correspondent, D. H. Tribe, whose letter was published in your issue of 30 June, seems not to appreciate the distinction between the relinquishment of Holy Orders and deposition from Holy Orders.

Relinquishment is intended for priests who, having lost their faith, or for some other honourable reason, feel unable to continue in the ministry. But it is not final; and if the man should regain his faith it is possible for him to resume his priesthood.

Deposition, or unfrocking, is different. It is not a legal convenience like relinquishment, but an action by the Church which deprives of his ministry a priest who has brought grave scandal upon his office. Moreover deposition is final.

If clergymen convicted of moral offences were allowed to relinquish their Orders voluntarily, it would bring the procedure of relinquishment into disrepute. Inevitably the coinage would be debased, and priests who voluntarily resigned from the ministry, no matter how honourable their motives, would feel under suspicion.

Robert Hornby
Chief Information Officer to the Church Assembly

Church House, SW1

Sir, – I am delighted to see my old friend Herbert Byard striking a much needed blow for decent music in churches, and for treating it with proper respect. Musicians themselves, however, have certain amends to make in other directions. Who was it who put up all those baleful nests of Gorgon-pipes which deface the most beautiful choir screens and strangle the proportions of the most splendid churches all over the country? (York is a particularly bitter example.)

The problem should not be beyond the power of modern design and acoustical technology to solve: but if it *is* insoluble let us go back to bands in a loft. When will deans, chapters, organists, precentors, bishops, priests, deacons, the lot, get together and provide a Perseus for these Medusae?

Ronald Vincent Smith

17 Rodney Road
New Malden

Sir, – May I offer my sincere sympathy to Herbert Byard, who has clearly suffered much at the hands of ill-mannered clergy and laity. I do not believe it to be true that roars of laughter from newly-ordained priests and deacons will often drown the organ voluntaries in Southwark Cathedral. If such is indeed the case, it is a poor look-out for those of us whose thankless task it is to try to secure a modicum of decent behaviour on the part of those who attend such functions as conventional church weddings.

Stanley Thomas

St. Gabriel's Vicarage
Walsall
Staffs

THE DRAGON

Sir, – Charon says that Lady Helen Asquith is commonly known as the Dragon. I had heard this said before and when she announced that she was coming to inspect Summerhill I thought of reading up the exploits of St George for safety.

She came. She was most efficient; at the end of the first day she knew every child by name. We found her a charming lady with a good sense of humour, and not even the smallest child showed any fear of her presence. So now the term dragon means to Summerhill a friendly creature that never spits fire.

A. S. Neill

TROUBLE ON BROADWAY

Sir, – Robert Bendiner gives a very accurate assessment of the economic disaster on Broadway. But may I amplify his point about *At the Drop of a Hat*? It is true that the $50,000 (some say $80,000) invested in this show was not fully recovered during its seven-month Broadway run. But with a weekly gross of between $18,000 and $25,000, the margin of profit or loss was obviously not solely determined by the $877 feather-bedding of four musicians.

It depended more on our only being able to play seven performances a week, while the entire staff, including a full complement of non-working scene-shifters and the non-playing musicians, were paid for eight. Our gross was further limited by the size of our charming, intimate, 800-seater theatre – one of the very few left on Broadway to hold less than 1,000. The others, particularly suited to serious and experimental productions, have died because disproportionately high and ever-rising costs could not be covered by raising prices without reducing attendance. About half London's theatres are still this size, but the same dilemma has already killed nearly all theatres of under 400 capacity, except the moribund *Arts*.

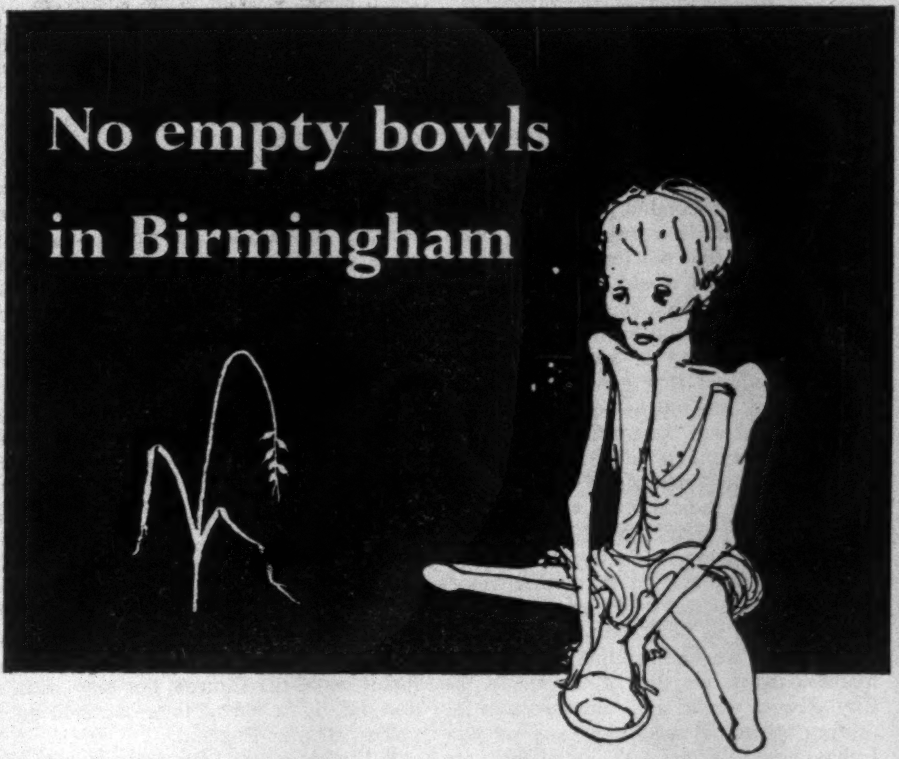
Actually, we would still have made a profit. But as we were quite unknown, Alexander Cohen, our producer, early decided that all such profit, and more, should be ploughed back into advertising. This included taking several full pages in the New York papers, in which all our notices were printed verbatim and in full.

On Broadway today a show must be a bulls-eye or a complete miss. By these means we were established as a hit, and as a result were able to make a very successful tour the following season, by the end of which the backers had been repaid in full, with 50 per cent profit. In the event, we were fortunate that our theatre was not classified as a 'Music House' when we should have had to pay, not four invisible musicians, but 12.

As a footnote. Donald Swann and I originally presented *At the Drop of a Hat* for three weeks at the New Lindsey Theatre (now a road), for a total outlay of £369 2s. 0½d. With capacity business and little or no outgoings for scenery, costume, copying, royalties, production and stage staff, actors – or musicians, we shared a profit of £325 12s. 11d.

Michael Flanders

Scarsdale Villas, W8



HUNGER in any British city is now rare, but had you been born in India, Hong Kong, Algeria or a dozen other places, you would probably be desperately hungry. You would be ill from undernourishment, unable to plant the food you need, likely to die before 30.

Oxfam is changing that for many people – in two ways. First by sending immediate food and medical help to those who need it most, and then by helping the hungry to help themselves. (For charity that is a mere succession of soup kitchens is no answer.) Typical is the aid sent to the Congo and Greece – from the first days of the African famine Oxfam sent help to U.N. emergency feeding and medical relief teams (£240,000 in all); and in Greece, after helping in the post-war famine years, we have installed 15,000 feet of piping to bring water to the agriculture of many arid villages, provided carefully selected breeding sheep to stock farms, and blackcurrant bushes (for Vitamin C) to bring permanent new sources of nourishment to ill-fed people.

Yet the £825,000 of aid we sent last year allows us to initiate only a fraction of the many projects needed to save lives and provide a better future. It may not seem very spectacular to send 10/- or £100, but to the child whose life it can save, or the family it provides with the means to grow more food it is the most spectacular thing that can happen.

Please help us to fill the empty bowl that might have been yours.

Tasks we need to tackle now

Sink wells for waterless villages. (Many hundreds are needed in India alone, where they can make a quick and significant improvement in agriculture. Average cost £200 per well). Provide far more peasant farmers with improved seeds and stock, e.g. a goat and kid to provide extra milk in the Near East (cost £7); improved poultry stock to raise egg production and supply additional protein. Cost of 100 chicks £12; complete 3-year project in 20 Indian villages £1,350). Provide uprooted farmers with the means to be self-supporting (resettling Tibetan refugee, and providing seeds, tools and a simple accommodation, £50). Train more young people for constructive careers — agricultural mechanics, carpenters, builders, light industry, modern farming. (Cost for upkeep of student in Hong Kong £60).

We could do much more if we had more voluntary helpers—in universities, schools, offices and in every town and village. Write for details.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Revolution and the City

HUGH TREVOR-ROPER

In the convulsions of 17th-century England, the City of London played a striking part. In Macaulay's words, 'it is no exaggeration to say that but for the hostility of the City, Charles I would never have been vanquished, and without the help of the City, Charles II could scarcely have been restored'. A century of specialised study has not modified that general judgment; but equally it has not helped us to understand it. What was the special character of 17th-century London which gave it such force? Was it 'puritan'; if so, in what sense? Was it radical, even republican in politics; if so, why? What indeed was, in a political sense, 'the City of London'? How did it impinge on that other amorphous but sensitive social organism, 'the Country', with its institution, Parliament?

The more we look at this problem the more complex we find it. Certainly the City grew in wealth and importance in the century before the revolution; and yet how feeble even its greatest merchants are when faced with the court or the nobility, or compared with the confident mercantile dynasties of Florence or Amsterdam! Certainly the City had just complaints against Charles I in 1640, certainly its electorate sent radical members to parliament, and certainly its wealth financed the parliament's war. But whenever we look behind those certainties, we find opposition and reluctance: after all it was to the City that Charles I looked for support against parliament in the autumn of 1641, the winter of 1642 and the summer of 1643: and that was before 'Presbyterianism' had been introduced to provide a visionary new basis for such an alliance. If the City of London brought Charles I even half-way down, it was obviously not by frontal opposition. And yet when we ask the terms of its opposition, what answer do we get? As Mr J. H. Hexter wrote, in his classic study of John Pym's war-policy,

> We know nothing of the nature of Pym's hold on the City government or on the politically active unofficial group of citizens. We know nothing of the schemes of London financiers . . . we do not know who the men were who could pour a mob into Westminster easily and on demand . . .

This cry of despair is now happily out of date. The last few months have produced two books of the greatest importance for the history of 17th-century London. One is general and social. Mr W. K. Jordan has re-created, incidentally, its general philosophy and social aims.* The other is particular and political: Mrs Valerie Pearl has shown, in detail, how it was drawn into the great struggle which at first seemed to advance but ultimately frustrated those aims.†

I say that Mr Jordan's conclusions are 'incidental', because his direct concern is more limited: it is with the private charity of London merchants. But the indirect consequences of his study are significant. He shows that this charity, by its consistent purpose, was already, in peacetime, creating a new England under the skin of the old. Unlike the old, pre-Reformation benefactors who had tended to scatter their charity in conspicuous but fugitive largesse or pious but useless architecture, the London merchants of the early 17th century expressed, by their gifts and legacies, a new social ideology. Secular (though not irreligious) in their outlook, 'puritan' but not sectarian in their religion, concerned to expand the mercantile base without breaking the superstructure of society, interested in education and all social purposes, and in rational, permanent, economic provision for them, they poured money, carefully protected by trusts, into schools, apprenticeship-schemes, almshouses and the social functions of the Church, not only in London but, by favouring their scattered birthplaces, all over England.

All through the 16th century this quiet flow of constructive wealth had gone on, but in the generation before 1640 it became a flood. Moreover, this flood ultimately sprang from a very slender fountain. Of the London wealth which created over one-third of the charities of England 48% was provided by a small class – only 6% of the donors – of 'great merchants'. And it was the massive gifts of these 'great merchants', Lord Mayors and Aldermen of London, which was gradually causing the qualitative change in society.

The implications of this fact are very wide. It means that in the England of Charles I and Archbishop Laud a silent, unpolitical, social revolution was already taking place, directed, without revolutionary intent, by the great merchants of London. Moreover, this 'bourgeois revolution', as we may call it, was effectively realising by voluntary, economic means some of the aims which the 'Country Party', the party of John Pym and Oliver Cromwell, would afterwards seek to realise by revolution, legislation and compulsion. There is a certain irony in this fact, for the more radical members of the Country Party hated the City. Like Cobbett, they saw it as a 'Wen', or rather as a giant sponge which sucked up the wealth of the country. In fact, they were wrong: the wealth of the City was not drawn out of the country but out of foreign trade, and much of it was discharged – not only by charity but also by investment – upon a largely ungrateful country. The decentralisation which the Country Party so loudly demanded was already being achieved, silently but quite effectively, by the centre itself, the City.

Such (in part) was the social significance of London in the years before 1640. But then came the change. Suddenly the silent, effective, social revolution was overtaken by a noisy, ineffective, political revolution, and we naturally ask, what was the relation between these two revolutions? It is here that we slide over from Mr Jordan to Mrs Pearl, who analyses, as no one has done before, the internal structure and politics of the revolution at the moment of change.

The result is of the greatest interest. Mrs Pearl shows that until 1641 the City government – that is, the 'great merchants', who formed the Court of Aldermen, and even the supposedly more 'democratic' Common Council – was more sympathetic to the Crown than to Parliament. They had, of course, particular grievances; but they also had a general interest in continuity of government, and some of them, as tax-farmers or royal creditors, had personal stakes in the existing regime. In 1640, like everyone else, they wanted a parliament; but they soon became very critical of the parliament they got. In 1641 they were openly royalist and, but for the folly of Charles I, might well have given bloodless victory to the Crown; a victory advantageous to everyone except the extreme radicals who had already speculated on revolution and cut off their own retreat. If that had been so, historians would write not of the puritan, republican City but of the orthodox, monarchist City.

In fact, as we know, this did not happen. In fact, as Clarendon tells us (and Mrs Pearl confirms his accuracy), Pym organised a revolution in the City in December 1641. The 'great merchants' were outmanoeuvred and by-passed. When the Civil War broke out, the Lord Mayor and many leading aldermen were in prison, others were cowed into neutrality, and the City, abandoned by the King, was led into war by a new 'junto' of Pym's friends who, if they were untainted by financial ties with the court, were often unconnected with the great chartered companies and the old, transforming wealth of England. The continuity of City government was snapped. The makers of the silent, social revolution had been pushed out: the makers of the noisy, political revolution were in.

And who were these new men: the men who, by subterfuge (as the King maintained), had kidnapped the naturally royalist City, and who, once personally committed, proved too radical for Pym himself, abandoning him and his policies to become, in the end, the mercantile creatures of the revolutionary army? They were, says Mrs Pearl, who has studied them all, 'lesser merchants'; but that does not necessarily mean that they represented fundamentally different interests from the old, conservative 'great merchants' against whose 'oligarchical' power, in days of depression, they had so easily gained the voices of the shopkeepers and artisans, the electorate of the City. Indeed, once in power, they soon followed in their wake. The interlopers became directors of chartered companies, the opponents of royal tax-farmers farmed revolutionary taxes, the enemies of old monopolies became the profiteers of new. And no doubt, beyond

---

**The Charities of London, 1480-1660.* By W. K. JORDAN. *Allen & Unwin.* 45s.

†London and the Outbreak of the Puritan Revolution. By VALERIE PEARL. *Oxford.* 42s.

the politics of revolution, their social aims were similar. If they did not achieve anything – if they did not make lasting fortunes or contribute to lasting social change – that was not because their ultimate aims were different: it was simply because their methods were different. In Clarendon's phrase, they had 'trafficked in the desperate commodity of rebellion', and they failed.

They failed personally, as merchants; for in years of 'blood and confusion' commercial fortunes were hard to consolidate. They failed also in their social aims: the tempo of social reconstruction, which had been increasing in peace, was halted in war and revolution. This double failure is personified in the leader of the 'new men', Pym's closest ally, the dynamic 'little Isaac' Penington, MP for the City, usurping Lord Mayor of the City, and, as Keeper of the Tower, military dictator of the City. His predecessors, the old conservative Lord Mayors, had died rich, justly proud of their cumulative contribution to a new society. Penington, the enemy of all profanity and idolatry, the closer of City theatres and destroyer of City monuments, died bankrupt, having constructed nothing, with his rebellious children fleeing into various dissent: one son an Anabaptist, one a Quaker, one a Jesuit, and his daughter a tart. The future was with the slow, social revolution which the 'new men' had not hastened but interrupted and, temporarily, set back.

Could it have been otherwise? We cannot say. All we can say is that the process of change was already happening in peace; that there was no reason why it should not have continued in peace; but that in fact it did not. Bourbon France was being modernised in the 18th century when the blunders and hesitations of government released the French Revolution; Czarist Russia was being industrialised by French loans when political and military incompetence released the Bolshevik Revolution. In both cases, continuation of the old process would have been cheaper in both blood and money. We can say the same of 17th-century England, which was being quietly modernised by London capitalists when the blunders and hesitations of Charles I released the 'blood and confusion' of the Puritan Revolution.

Interlude

The extended knee, not covered and perhaps
Two feet away across the garden grass,
Is as grained and natural as a hand;
Could even be, as a hand is, touched
Without self-consciousness or much design
In a ceremonious gesture, if such existed.
To such size is the thing brought down
By her informal proximity, poised between
That distance and that closeness which both
start
Lust. And the urge of talk,
Which yesterday broke out in an unwise heat
And tomorrow may impede itself in the
throat,
Can be temperate, easily. The sun is out.
An insect travels the pattern of her dress.
The afternoon is calm, with Latin words.

ALAN BROWNJOHN

Thirst for Bases

Spain and Defense of the West. By ARTHUR WHITAKER. *Oxford.* 48*s*.

If good briefing were sufficient to ensure good decisions, the United States would have the best foreign policy in the world. Nowhere else is there such an army of experts – journalists, academics and public servants – engaged on the task of collecting and evaluating information about international affairs. Nowhere else do the published results of these labours reach a higher standard. The recent failure of the CIA's secret intelligence about Cuba only confirms my point. If President Kennedy, in coming to his decision, had relied not on his secret service but on the published material about Cuba, he might well have reached the correct conclusion.

Spain and Defense of the West is an admirable example of this American facility for selecting and evaluating the essential facts in an extremely complex problem. Mr Whitaker is a Professor of Latin American History at Pennsylvania University, who has been visiting Spain ever since 1924. His book has been financed by the Council on Foreign Relations, which set up a study group to discuss with him the main issues it raises. Under these auspices he was able to take time off from university teaching in order to talk at length with Franco and other personages of the regime, as well as to collect all the relevant unpublished information about the American bases in Spain. An English author could not expect to receive such assistance; and if he accumulated this kind of information, I am pretty sure the Foreign Office would try to suppress it. It is hardly necessary, however, to add that, although this book demonstrates the utter futility of American policy to Franco, there is no prospect of any change in that policy. If the United States is the country where, *par excellence*, one may pursue the truth in politics, it is also the country where, *per contra*, that truth is nearly always disregarded.

Mr Whitaker starts by asking why the Americans, who in 1945 joined the Russians in ostracising Spain, were already accepting her as an ally by the autumn of 1947 and lavishing assistance upon her without any of the conditions imposed on the recipients of Marshall Aid. He finds the answer to this question in an alliance between the Pentagon and a Spanish lobby, less publicised but even more successful than that of Chiang Kai-shek. It was Congress that set the pace – against the resistance of the White House and the State Department. After 1951 this resistance crumbled, and by 1953 the 'thirst for bases, generated by the Korean crisis', had produced the treaty which made Spain an American aircraft carrier, second only in importance to Great Britain.

The American-Spanish alliance, however, was not purely a product of the cold war. It had been anticipated during the North African landings in 1943. Most of us still remember the moment when General Eisenhower accepted the assistance of Admiral Darlan and how the uproar this caused was only ended when the Fascist Admiral was conveniently bumped off. But, in fact, a less memorable but equally shameless approach was made to General Franco. On 8 November he received a personal letter that began, 'Your nation and mine are friends in the best sense of the word, and you and I are sincerely desirous of the continuation of that friend-

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Reed Paper Group's growth into world market

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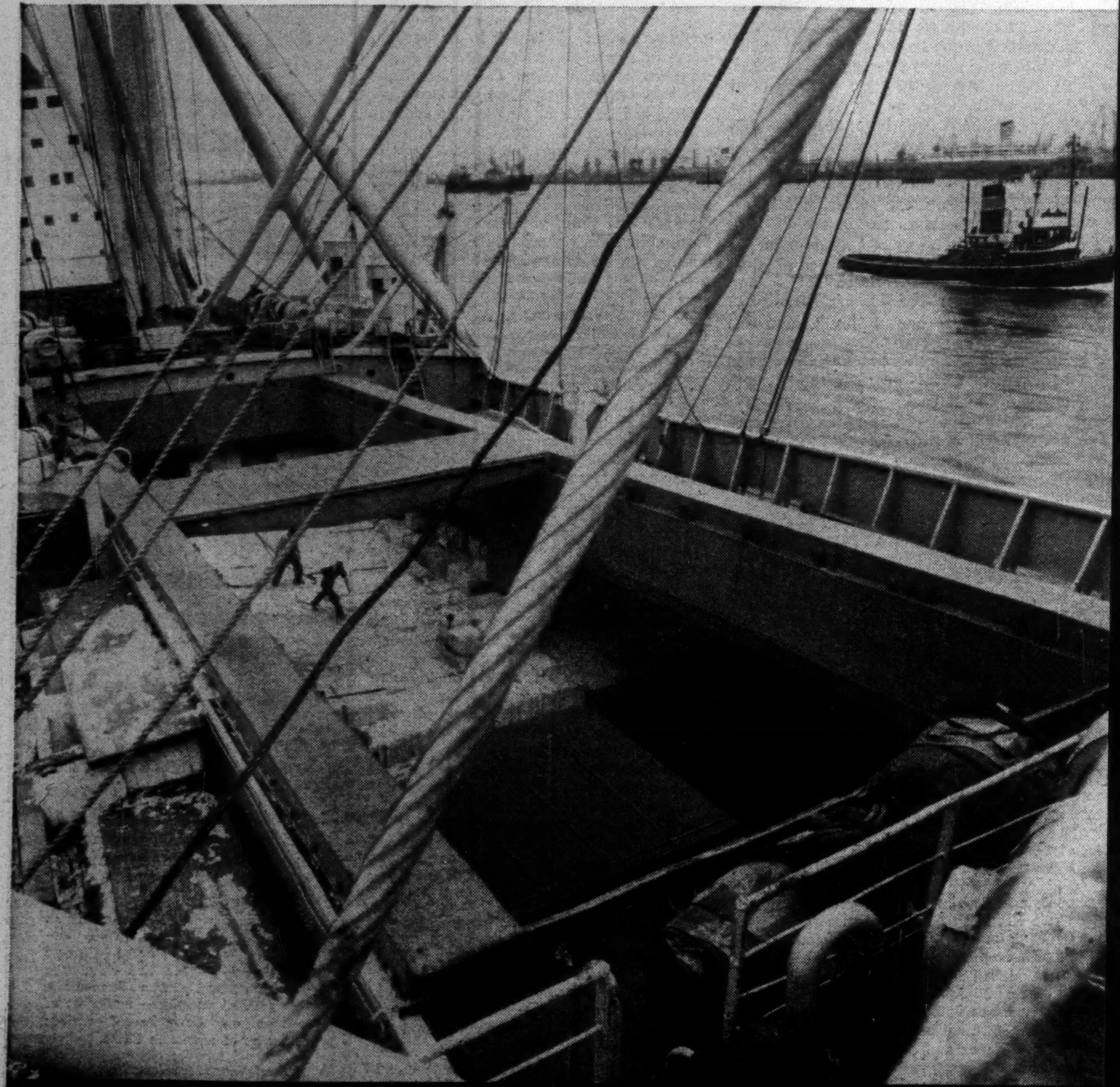

Over 6,000 tons of top-grade pulp from one of Reed's Canadian Pulp Mills arrive at the Thameside wharfs of Imperial Paper Mills, yet another new partner in the expansion programme of the international Reed Paper Group.

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1960—A MOMENTOUS YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF THE GROUP

says Chairman, Lord Cornwallis.

The emergence of the Group into a significant *international* enterprise is the theme of the Chairman's statement. Overseas investments now approach £30 million, and the annual turnover exceeds £100 million.

Lord Cornwallis stresses, however, the paramount importance of the home mills and companies. "The Group is seeking means of further diversification in this country."

Here are some of the main points summarising the recent developments.

AT HOME . . .

The Group has broken new ground by joining with Lantor Ltd. (a member of the Tootal Textile Group) to form a new company, Aerlan Ltd., to conduct research into new methods of manufacturing non-woven materials.

Reed Medway Sacks Ltd. is one of the largest companies in the world making multi-wall paper sacks and new uses are continually being found for these versatile containers: the latest is the disposable 'paper dustbin'.

In order to participate in the fast expanding field of plastic containers, the Group has formed a new company, Reed Plastic Packaging Ltd.

The second machine for the production of the Group's high quality coated printing paper, Aerocote, has been brought into production.

At Aylesford, the largest site in Europe for the production of paper and paper products, the Group is currently investing £500,000 in a new research centre.

AND ABROAD . . .

Four major expansion projects have established the Group in the main trading areas of the free world—the Dollar Market, the Commonwealth, the European Free Trade Area and the Common Market.

IN CANADA, one of the major producers of newsprint, pulp and board, Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd., its subsidiaries *and* the important Gulf Pulp and Paper Co., have joined the Group to serve the huge U.S.A. market and the fast-expanding Latin American markets.

IN AUSTRALIA, the Group now owns a controlling interest in a £2 million packaging concern—Reed Paper Products Pty. Ltd. It will serve a market that is expected to increase by 50% within 10 years.

IN THE EUROPEAN FREE TRADE AREA, in partnership with Sande Tresliperi A/S, the Group is building a £2½ million pulp and paper mill in Norway. A holding company, Reed Holding A.G., has been formed in Switzerland.

IN THE COMMON MARKET, the Group, in partnership with La Centrale Finanziaria Generale SpA of Milan, has acquired a leading packaging company and is now building a carton board mill.

La Centrale is a very old-established, large and influential company, bringing to the joint operation a background of financial and economic expertise considered by the Group to be unrivalled in Italy.

ON THE FUTURE . . .

Lord Cornwallis says: "I have no hesitation whatsoever in stating my opinion that the long term prospects of the Group are excellent: we are building for the future and I see no reason why it should not be a successful and profitable one. I cannot, however, be so optimistic about our short term prospects. We have serious factors to contend with, factors [such as EFTA] which are not the normal hazards of buying and selling and are outside our control. We are sure, however, that our efforts to diversify our activities in this country and all over the world will help us to survive the strains of the short term and emerge into the greater benefits of the long."

TRADING RESULTS

	Years to 31st March	
	1961	*1960*
	£000	£000
Turnover	87,668	73,996
Profits before Depreciation and Taxation	9,103	6,957
Depreciation	2,513	1,804
Taxation	2,800	1,860
Minority Interests	104	—
Profits attributable to Albert E. Reed & Co. Ltd.	3,686	3,293
Dividends after deduction of Income Tax	1,981	1,636
Profits retained	1,705	1,657

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ship for our mutual good.' The letter concluded with the words, 'I am, my dear General, your sincere friend Franklin Delano Roosevelt.'

Mr Whitaker shows that, in the case of Spain, the usual excuses for appeasement have no kind of foundation. Though he resented German help in the civil war, Franco supported Hitler so long as he was successful, only getting into a sulk when his greediest claims to French North Africa were turned down. After the Allies began to win, he switched from non-belligerent support of Germany to a neutrality which earned him a period of ostracism in 1945. Saved by the cold war, he has based his policy since then on the strictest application of Machiavelli's advice to the Prince. He rules in order to go on ruling. That he is even ready to sacrifice his anti-Communism to this end was shown in October 1957. Three days after the launching of the sputnik, Franco drew a parallel between the Soviet system and his own, showing that the regimes which succeed are those based on 'discipline and order'. Five days later, Soviet diplomats were invited to a Spanish reception for the first time, and Franco began to complain that the American bases in Spain were unhealthily near the big towns, including Madrid.

For a statesman determined at all costs to be on the winning side, Franco has a staggering record of backing losers. His first love was for Mussolini, his second for Adolf Hitler. Since the war, his identification of *Hispanidad* with dictatorship has left him no friends in South America and his pro-Arab postures ended in fiasco. Believing Arab nationalism was winning, he backed it and, when the French called his bluff by conceding independence to Morocco, had to surrender what was left of Spain's North African empire. His main aim in Europe is to end his isolation. But, though he has won the friendship first of Adenauer and, more recently, of de Gaulle, he is still excluded from Nato; and the backwardness of Spain's economy now makes it impossible for him to join his fellow Catholics in the Common Market.

Final Innocence

DONALD HONIG

'It was a brilliant notion to reveal the confusions – physical, intellectual, moral – of a no-man's-land glimpsed haphazardly by an adolescent . . . The story is nicely plotted and convincing . . . Mr Honig writes with what Karen Blixen called "grand humour".'

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At home, his Machiavellianism has been much more successful. By conceding the return to monarchy in principle, he has created a throne but left it vacant indefinitely, thereby strengthening his personal position. He has bought the support of the Catholic Church by putting it outside the law; but he has used this support to turn down the demands of *Catholic Action* for some measure of social justice to the workers. More recently, he has created, in *Opus Dei*, a uniquely evil example of clerical Freemasonry. Refusing to solve the main economic problems that confront him, he has strengthened his regime at the cost of his country's continued agony. Rapid industrialisation, without land reform, aggravates the social crisis and so justifies the perpetual war that he wages against the forces he dubs 'anti-Spain'.

The bankers who dominate the whole economy, and accept the advice of American experts urging its liberalisation, do not have it all their own way. Franco has retained the *Falange* and the cumbersome structure of Fascist syndicates, as a counterweight both to the capitalists and to the Catholic Church. Indecision has been his main political strength and he remains deaf to every appeal that his personal rule should be institutionalised, because he realises that this would make Franco dispensable.

Mr Whitaker shows that, since 1947, the survival of the regime would have been quite impossible without American support. From 1953 to 1959 the combined cost of the American aid programme and of the construction of the bases was $15,000,000,000. 'While not trifling', Mr Whitaker remarks, 'this imposes no strain on an annual budget of 80 billion dollars'. Maybe. But it is a sobering thought that in six years the United States spent on Fascist Spain a sum equivalent to a third of our total budget.

And what was the balance-sheet of this investment? On the debit side, Mr Whitaker records a heavy loss of prestige, not only in Latin America but also in Western Europe, where repeated American requests for Spain's admission to Nato have been gleefully turned down. In Spain itself the record is no better: by so blatantly making Franco a satellite, the Americans have injured Spanish pride and made themselves more unpopular than before.

Indeed, the sole item on the credit side is the existence of the bomber and naval bases. Mr Whitaker reminds us, however, that these bases were almost an afterthought. Their construction only started in 1954 and will only be completed after the ICBM has rendered them largely obsolete. Even in the short run, they would be superfluous if it were not for the fact that the American bases in Morocco, constructed under a crash programme, will have to be evacuated by 1963. For the sake of this single dubious military advantage, the United States has shored up a corrupt, introverted dictatorship and discredited the claim that it is defending European freedom. The only excuse for American policy in Spain is that, in neighbouring Portugal, the British have been practising a similar folly for very much longer.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Figure in the Rug

Somerset Maugham. By RICHARD CORDELL. *Heinemann. 25s.*

> Thinking of Cronshaw, Philip remembered the Persian rug which he had given him, telling him that it offered an answer to his question upon the meaning of life; and suddenly the answer occurred to him: he chuckled . . . The answer was obvious. Life had no meaning.

These sentences from *Of Human Bondage* are used by Mr Cordell as a key to Maugham. They can usefully be set against these sentences from *Ulysses*:

> – History, Stephen said, is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake.
>
> From the playfield the boys raised a shout. A whirring whistle: goal. What if that nightmare gave you a back kick?
>
> – The ways of the Creator are not our ways, Mr Deasy said. All history moves towards one great goal, the manifestation of God.
>
> Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:
>
> – That is God.
>
> Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!
>
> – What? Mr Deasy asked.
>
> – A shout in the street, Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Between them, these extracts cover a significant moment in modern European writing. Over two generations, at the turn of the century, the comparison of experience with inherited ideas went very much this way. In Ibsen, Maupassant, Butler, Shaw, Wells the shock is registered. In most Western writing, since, the conclusion has been reaffirmed. Set life against our inherited moral ideas, and it is the ideas that look ridiculous. Live with ridiculous ideas, and life itself becomes absurd.

It is a complicated history, but there is one clear line of division, in tone. Joyce belongs on the side left with nothing but unformed experience, which must go on being explored. The shrug is a defensive gesture, but Stephen will go on looking. Maugham belongs on the other side, in which the vacuum becomes a way of life and writing. Not the shrug but the chuckle; not the exploration but the formula. We have had all that old stuff about meaning; now catch while I throw life at you; the answer is obvious, in any language.

The most interesting chapter in Mr Cordell's book is the thorough summary of criticism of Maugham. Praise and blame evidently are now standardised: 'a born storyteller' or 'a competent professional of little literary interest'. As Mr Cordell proceeds with this catalogue, he leaves us uneasy, for it is clear that criticism has not done its job. Maugham is certainly a formula-writer, but to say this is not enough. The formula needs analysis. Maugham is against the things that the century has been against: hypocrisy, false morality, suffering as a virtue, snobbery, narrowness. He is almost the leading anti-Puritan in an age which has made anti-Puritanism a way of life. In every negative observation he is much shrewder than has been commonly allowed. He has many more literary successors than ever acknowledge his parentage. His tone – an incisive, chuckling sickness – can be widely traced down to our own generation.

As criticism, Mr Cordell's book is wholly unsatisfactory. It goes through the work, but with hardly any power of useful observation or comment. As information, the book is welcome, though Maugham's refusal to have a biography is limiting. We can best use Mr Cordell's work as an incentive to looking at Maugham again, in serious critical terms. Everyone, for different reasons, has made him a scapegoat, with us but not of us. But if we re-read the books, and consider their full implications, we shall discover that our most widely read writer belongs to us, and that to criticise him we shall have to criticise ourselves.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Spring Green to Blue Doom

The Novels of Thomas Deloney. Edited by MERRITT LAWLIS. *Oxford. £5.*

For a rather wild exercise in the historical-materialist approach to literature, were I an examiner in some Marxist faculty, I might be tempted to suggest the following: compare and contrast the novels of Thomas Deloney and Ronald Firbank. The juxtaposition may not be as frivolously irrelevant as it seems at first. You can make out a thesis which represents these two writers as polar opposites, linked across the centuries by that peculiar connection which unites burgeoning with decay. Deloney was a cloth-weaver who rather suddenly became a ballad-writer and novelist somewhere about the second half of the 16th century. His dates are uncertain, but it is fairly clear that he died in 1600 in his early forties. What marks him off rather sharply from the Elizabethan picaresque prose-writers like Nash, Greene and Dekker, is his rooted, occupational quality. And he wrote – as solid, socially integrated novelists since have often done – with an eye over his shoulder into the near past.

The period in which his dashing clothier apprentices marry their rich widows, flourish and provide troops of armed men to support the sovereign must have been slightly before his own birth. The genial – God save us! – figure of Henry VIII looms and booms, Jove-like, over this idyllic Berkshire scene. The alliance between the Tudor monarchy and the emerging middle classes – rising bourgeoisie, if you prefer – is immediately plain. How, then, the affinity with Firbank? To establish this we must assume that the Edwardian afterglow in which Firbank's delicious coruscating dragonfly dances were staged represents the culmination of the historical epoch that began with the Tudor monarchy. History, said Hegel, repeats itself: first as tragedv, then as farce. This is one of those aphorisms that can be used to embellish the description of various phenomena. (Marx preferred to equate Bonaparte with tragedy and Napoleon III with farce.) For our thesis we can confidently assert that Henry VIII was a tragic figure and Edward VII a farcical one.

The novels of Firbank shimmer with a strange, late-afternoon, iridescent, light. His characters – especially those hostesses and chatelaines and ambassadresses of his middle period – *Valmouth* and *The Flower Beneath the Foot* – are poised on a curious knife-edge between the classes. Firbank, said Connolly, treats the lower classes as a brothel. This is illuminating but only part of the truth. His interesting class-origins are too often overlooked. He was, as you would expect, Anglo-Irish, and his paternal grandfather was a Yorkshire working-man who made a fortune by his hands and enterprise: 'He built the most beautiful railways'. Firbank's aristocratic ladies are, naturally, of mixed pedigree. They typify the long, gradual, discreet alliance between bourgeoisie and nobility that is the most specific feature of English ruling-class life – despite the curious waves of Victorian puritanism and Edwardian anti-puritanism. Their languid, sex-obsessed hedonism – in 'the blue doom of summer' – contrasts with the lyrical, spring-green gusto of Deloney's dames.

We do not know what writers Deloney had read; Chaucer would be a safe enough bet. (A 19th-century novelist who had plainly read Deloney is Harrison Ainsworth: much of the lusty-gluttonising – suitably bowdlerised for the 19th century – in *Windsor Castle* and *The Tower of London* comes straight from Deloney.) He has the straightforward narrative zest which you find in most Renaissance and post-Renaissance storytellers. His special characteristics are: detailed yet succinct occupational descriptions; quasi-lyrical *joie de vivre*; and remarkably fresh and tangy dialogue. He was certainly well educated. Here he is displaying his Chaucerian influences in *Jack of Newbury*:

> The second was a strong and lustie Woman, with a looke pittilesse, and vnmercifull countenance: her garments were all made of Iron and Steele, and she carried in her hand a naked weapon and shee was called the *Sword*.

His dialogue is delightfully lively:

> She mistaking his speech began to be cholerick, wishing him to keepe that bodkin to pick his teeth. Ho, ho Mettressa *Ione* (quoth he) be Got, you are angry. Oh Mettressa *Ione* be not chafe with your friene for nothing.
>
> Good sir (quoth shee) keepe your friendship for them that care for it and fixe your loue on those that can like you: as for mee I tell you plaine, I am not minded to marry.
>
> 'O tis no matter for marrie, if you will come to my chamber, besit my bed, and let me kisse you.'

This omnibus volume contains all of Deloney's novels: *Jack of Newbury; The Gentle Craft, Part I and II; Thomas of Reading.* (I specially recommend to crime fiction addicts the very strange case of the murder of Thomas of R. – which is a miniature whodunnit.) It is scrupulously edited with notes and glossary and considering its size sits quite lightly on one's chest.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The Adventures of Peter Scott

The Eye of the Wind. By PETER SCOTT. *Hodder & Stoughton. 42s.*

Somehow we've come to assume that the adventurous Englishman is also, as of Divine Right, endowed with literary talent – Peter Fleming and Patrick Leigh-Fermor spring to mind. It therefore comes as a rude shock to find how stodgy Mr Peter Scott can be. As I ploughed my way through this seemingly endless autobiography, I kept on turning back to see if there wasn't some mysterious element of interest which was eluding me. There wasn't. The basic material of the book is promising – adventure laced with a good admixture of the Right People. Mr Scott is, to put it bluntly, a charter member of the Establishment: son of a national hero, stepson of a prominent politician, godson of Sir James Barrie. He is also, in case anyone has forgotten, a fashionable painter of wild life, a well-known naturalist, a television personality and a friend of the Royal Family. What could be nicer? And if this were all, one might have expected, and even got, a book of mildly amusing, gossipy trivia. It's to Mr Scott's credit that he seldom allows himself to gossip.

There's also a great deal in the book to prove that Scott is – and always has been – a genuinely adventurous man, responsive to the challenges the world has offered him. Physical things delight and move him: the challenge of sailing a small boat fast, of skating, of hunting, of travelling in reasonably remote parts of the globe, of coaxing a glider to defy the laws of gravity. In addition he has what is generally a winning card for any autobiographer – a genuine, hundred-per-cent, long-continued obsession, in this case with the wild geese he paints and whose habits he studies. That all of this comes across so feebly and dully must be put down, I suppose, to another, less fortunate, obsession. Mr Scott is all too evidently one of those people who keep detailed records and who can't bear to throw any scrap of them away. The book seems to consist of great chunks of source material, linked by stretches of plodding narrative. There are extracts from a wildfowling diary, official reports of action during the war – anything and everything but the vital, freshly minted words which would tell us how it all *felt*. It's only very occasionally that something comes across at all vividly, mostly in the bits which describe experiences in the Navy during wartime.

But for most of the time the book remains an exercise in that unrewarding but peculiarly British art – How To Be Famous Without Being Interesting.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR
HUGH THOMAS
3rd impression
ready soon
★
DAPHNE FIELDING
THE ADONIS GARDEN
'A first novel of unusual vitality and variety [with] a large company of sharply observed, refreshingly unconventional characters . . . She has squandered the themes of at least four novels in this single act of exuberant bounty.' Evelyn Waugh, *Spectator* 16s
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Chosen Tasks

The Garnett Family. By Carolyn Heilbrun. *Allen & Unwin. 30s.*

The Trevelyans, the Stephens, the Stracheys, the Garnetts – all those high-bourgeois intellectual families which so flourished, intermarried and intermingled during the 19th century – are fascinating in themselves and for the light they throw on the complex life of British society. A number of forces have made it harder and harder for such families to exercise their peculiar kind of influence. Today the younger Richard Garnett (1835-1906) could not slip into a job in the BM at the age of 16 because his father knew the Director. The increasing concentration in publishing would no longer allow Edward Garnett (1868-1937) to do so much for new and unusual writers.

But it is no use looking back in nostalgia; new ways of showing disinterested intellectual responsibility will have to emerge. They may emerge the sooner if we know better in what ways these families served the world of letters. Noel Annan, of course, produced a brilliant study in this field a few years ago. It would be unfair to blame Miss Heilbrun because she has not produced another *Leslie Stephen*. Her book has some respectable qualities: it is clearly written and commonsensically planned; it is almost entirely free from those intrusions of the author's personality which mar many social biographies; it is not wrested into a strange shape so as to body out a proud thesis. Miss Heilbrun has pursued her facts patiently and, so far as I can judge, scrupulously; her book can hardly help being very interesting.

For all that, it is a slight book and lacks the texture its subject demands. It is difficult to understand how anyone could have gathered so many interesting details without being driven to attempt wider, deeper and more intricate connections – without exploring, to borrow Noel Annan's subtitle, the Garnetts' 'Thought and Character in Relation to their Times'.

How does one explain, for instance, the characteristic Garnett tradition of service? For more than 100 years they were at their best as midwives to the creative labours of others. Richard put into his 48 years at the BM the energy which might have gone into his own writing; Edward put a similarly sustained energy into his reader's reports on other men's work; Constance, by her 70 volumes of translations, made a large body of 19th-century fiction available to her generation. Richard and Edward wished to be creative writers, but probably did better in serving others. David Garnett, the latest in the line, has written 11 novels. They are intelligent, sensitive and full of craft; but they seem to me not to show a true creative imagination. This is a strange succession, and one would like to hear more about its individual and social roots.

Those of us who are outside this group, who are of another generation and class, are likely to underrate it. Snide remarks about 'Chelsea . . . Bloomsbury . . . civilised values' are unjust and blind. In many of their attitudes and actions the Garnetts showed the clear, responsible decencies of upper-middle-class intellectuals at their best. They really tried, in the old-fashioned phrase, to 'live up to their ideals'. They broke with all Establishments; political, religious or intellectual; they hated social climbing; they were without worldly show. If you convinced them that you were trying to think and feel and write with truth, then you were one of their company. No one could have been further from the world of Organisation Men. They respected intelligence and drove their own minds hard. They had immense industry; Edward's reports on the manuscripts of known and unknown writers are detailed, apt and positively meant to help. They had an unusual sense of personal moral independence, and this at times could make them tartly anti-Philistine, members, a little self-consciously, of the saving remnant. In Middleton Murry's tribute to Edward Garnett the virtues are stated; the limits can also begin to be inferred from the tone and pressure of the eulogy itself (since Murry belonged to their world):

> The glow of an intense but restrained passion for the truth of life; the conviction that human beings are not often eager to look upon the truth when it is presented to them, and are quite averse to discovering it for themselves; the courage to persevere in the slow and thankless task of teaching the public (which often includes the publisher) to distinguish between what it wants and what it needs; a complete self-abnegation in the performance of his chosen task.

It is the voice of the deliberately Disestablished Guardians. What we would wish to have explored are its strengths and weaknesses, the relation of these attitudes to the intellectual and artistic history of the last century and a half, the assumptions about the nature of good writing which it fed. The individualist aesthetic, the intense personal responsibility, the sometimes arrogant anti-vulgarity, the reaction from bourgeois conventionalism – all are parts of that complex of attitudes which a book about the Garnetts should not fail to examine. Unfortunately, Miss Heilbrun does little more than make us realise that this is indeed what *should* be done.

Richard Hoggart

Decipherment

Voices in Stone. By Ernst Doblhofer. Translated by Mervyn Savill. *Souvenir. 30s.*

This is one of the most irritating books I have ever dealt with. The idea was a good one. There is need for a detailed, illustrated, technical yet popular history of decipherment, which would both catch the romantic adventure-story strain and explain clearly and accurately the rational, scientific techniques and implications. Behind the success of Champollion or Ventris there lay not only dedicated monomania (fixed in their early 'teens) but also much meticulous scholarship and the co-operation of other men, alive and dead, who then disappeared into the special limbo reserved for 'forerunners'. Decipherment is thus much like invention, where many failures and by-products are also very valuable even though known only to the specialist.

Dr Ernst Doblhofer has both the competence to deal with the subject and enormous enthusiasm. But he lacks judgment. The account is overloaded with irrelevancies, especially with biographical details of no conceivable interest or significance, and the writing is painfully 'vivid', a caricature of the scholar's idea of popular writing.

> Champollion . . . retrogressed, and fell once more into the error of mistaking the hieroglyphs for symbolical signs with no specific character. Had the demon of the hieroglyphs which had already baffled so many brains, feeling the approaching end of its rule, played its last trick?

On top of all this, the translation is simply unacceptable. There is not a single page without a number of infelicities, and I doubt if there are many without outright errors: 'earlier' for 'later', 'talent for analogy' for 'gift for combinations', 'century' for 'millennium', 'exhaustive work' for 'pithy little book'. Can anyone explain to me what can possibly be meant (in any language) by 'Champollion . . . overstepped the constable'?

M. I. Finley

Taluqdars

Sunlight on a Broken Column. By Attia Hosain. *Chatto & Windus. 18s.*

Henry's Wife. By Ralph Ricketts. *Chapman & Hall. 15s.*

Mirror and Knife. By John Rosenberg. *Hogarth. 18s.*

The Horses. By James Helvick. *MacGibbon & Kee. 16s.*

The Primal Yoke. By Tom Lea. *Macmillan. 18s.*

Tippy Locklin. By Joseph Meagher. *Macdonald. 16s.*

Ruan. By Bryher. *Collins. 15s.*

The only novel of any substance this week is *Sunlight on a Broken Column*, which puts Attia Hosain among the most accomplished Indian novelists writing in English. The novel's main weakness is that Miss Hosain's impressionistic manner, lacking in density, cannot support her theme, which is the break-up of the Indian feudal system as exemplified in the fortunes over two decades of a noble Muslim family in Oudh. The family, with its English governess, the regular trips to Europe, the uneasy alliance of Western ways with Eastern traditions, reminds one of the families of Mrs Jhabvala. But Miss Hosain's range is wider, and she is more radical. She makes us see what a sad thing the nobility of her family is. It is based on the degrading poverty of servants and peasants and exists in the shadow of local British officials; so that the talk of breeding and blood – 'There is one thing I learned in England. I learned to be proud of my breeding. Did you know that *Taluqdars* have a right of audience with the King?' – seems almost grotesque. This is done only by implication, and not cruelly. The narrator is a young girl who accepts few of the values of her orthodox family. She is as enraged by their acceptance of British rule, when they try to keep their dignity, as she is by their later struggle to keep their power. But in the end it is her broken, scattered family to which she returns; no one ceases to be part of his background. Miss Hosain, writing with simplicity and honesty, avoids the fashionable Indian pose of being caught between two cultures, and one is reminded of Osbert Sitwell.

> Perhaps because of my origin, coming of a family that has lived within three miles of the room wherein I now write, for at least 700 years, I have never experienced that sensation of being separate from the working classes, in the way in which the city-bred, middle-class poets of the proletarian movement continually proclaim themselves.

Henry's Wife is presented with a cleverness which would have delighted, say, Ford Madox Ford. Henry is an elderly romantic novelist. He is presented to us as domineering and egotistic, and in the devotion of his young wife Helen we see more than a touch of self-abasement. Then, inset, comes the novel Henry wrote about his marriage. The device is effective, but the illusion of reality is momentary. Henry isn't a good novelist. More important, he doesn't give us another view of the relationship between husband and wife. We only get more facts: in spite of her devotion, Helen had an affair in Venice with a young man suffering from a rare and fatal disease. The novel then peters out in a haze of questioning and analysis. Neither the characters nor their actions are made sufficiently interesting; and the exploration of character and motive, refining itself to the stage where the people almost cease to matter, seems a wilful intellectual exercise.

Without the help of the blurb I would not have guessed that the point of *Mirror and Knife* is that people inflict miseries on themselves. Certainly it made me wonder why anyone should want to review novels. The sensitive wife of a sensitive man dies; he finds another sensitive woman; they go to America, come back, then sensitively, inexplicably, separate. Every action or scrap of dialogue is accompanied by interminable descriptions, explanations and interior monologues in the prettiest prose. all abstraction and metaphor: until even the woman protests. 'Here we are exactly . . . where we began,' she says. 'You sailing away on some interior monologue, and I left standing on the shore, watching your awareness recede.' The reader is left on the shore as well, to get what pleasure he can out of Mr Rosenberg's recurring moments of bathos:

> She smoked in those swift, staccato gusts that seem the very code of nervous anguish, as if it were misery she inhaled . . . A frightening tautness about her. The tension between us was dizzying with overtones, as in the sound from a violin wound too tight. 'Tell me honestly', she said, 'are you queer?'

The American interlude is a puzzle. It is by contrast racy and picaresque, and the characters are so busy observing they cease to be sensitive. One feels that Mr Rosenberg was either tired or that he had been to New Mexico and was anxious to use the 'material' which, in his writer's way, he had 'gathered'. Back in England, our friends go for a walk in the country one winter's day. The landscape is beautifully described. Then the woman cries out, 'Did you bring me here to feel this? To see my desolation externalised?' Like Bernard in the Feiffer cartoon, I am just not built for this sort of living.

Have I changed? Or are bad novels getting worse? If I hadn't read *The Horses* I would never have believed that the noble arts of the paper-maker, printer and binder were still being devoted to the production of novels about beautiful heiresses imprisoned in country houses and being slowly driven mad by scheming relations. *The Primal Yoke* is another of Macmillan's beautifully produced magazine stories. This one is set in Wyoming, and the hero, a strong, silent country boy, is destroyed by his involvement with the spoilt heiress, who also has problems: 'What are you running from, Dorothy?' 'From myself.'

Joseph Meagher, unusually deprived among American writers (he didn't take a course in creative writing until he was 33), makes up for lost time in *Tippy Locklin*, 'a novel about Brooklyn, boyhood and the 1920s'. Comedy and Compassion were clearly Mr Meagher's best subjects. His expectant father and funny policeman deserve full marks: and he should get a prize for having the courage to do a comic yet compassionate pie-scene in print. The most rewarding thing in *Ruan* is the bibliography Bryher sportingly provides for those of us who would prefer to get the straight facts about Celtic fairs, religion and royal burials without going through a thin story in 'haunting prose' about a sixth-century Celtic boy who wants, in a 20th-century way, to find himself. The historical detail is unerring: 'Dungarth had taken me out with him in a coracle'. Bryher's statement about the similarity between Celtic doctrine and some forms of Buddhism should also be noted: 'England seems to have been in contact with the East from very early times . . . A probably Mycenean dagger was discovered at Stonehenge'.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Hemingway

There was something indestructible about Hemingway. His escapes were famous. Here was a man who butted his way, with his head, out of floundering aeroplanes, a man continually expelled to safety, continually being born. Equally there was something doomed about him too, and it is a shock but no surprise that his several lives are ended. The end itself may even seem inevitable. Scarcely less than Pasternak's, his life seemed somehow the instrument of his books, needing to borrow from their conclusions.

'Ernest', said Scott Fitzgerald, 'is quite as nervously broken down as I am . . . his inclination is towards megalomania and mine towards melancholy.' There is nothing harsh about that judgment. No one is more robust than the person who is also sick, and Hemingway's nervousness is of paramount importance. His praise of masculine competence and vigour has a hectic quality which in part defeats it, in part supplies an indestructible glow such as Keats gave to his scenes of pleasure. This nervousness also explains, I think, how he came to spend so much time on the indoor arts of style, on the pains and precisions of the craftsman. His work has the fascination of a man writing very meticulously about things – courage, cruel addictions, hopeless love – which ordinarily evoke no more than vapourings and expostulation.

Certainly he has his own vapourings and is sometimes painful and inert – particularly in the relations between his men and women. What is still contested is where his unfailing skills were most valuably employed. I have no doubt myself that the self-pitying pages about lost love and lost generations do not measure up to the best of the bachelor narratives of fighting and suffering and sport, and the rights and circumstances that fill the daily life of the male body. What happens in his boats or buses is always good.

Nor is it generally accepted that his finest work is early, largely contained in the decade that followed the First War: the bull-fighter's last efforts in 'The Undefeated,' *A Farewell to Arms*, the marvellous fishing trip in *The Sun Also Rises*, in which the luminous river bank receives the curt, lounging sportsmen, whose manners might count as a kind of doughboy's tribute to English reticence. His complete anglers, it is alleged, are often incomplete, boasting males, but the fishing trip marks out an era in which their defects no longer matter.

The later works are, by comparison, strained and high-flown. In *The Old Man and The Sea*, offered and admired as epic, splendidly unseasonable epic, Hemingway is curt no more. The old man is the most garrulous and portentous stoic since the Stoics. America itself, in fact, during these years, seems to have found its tongue in rather the same way; Hemingway's developing rhetoric is a feature of the country as a whole. Bogart is supplanted by Brando, President Kennedy talks and talks.

Hemingway is a good writer, and in an old-fashioned way. For these are the days when a novelist is no longer expected to secure, execute or extort his effects with anything comparable to the careful aim of a poet or, say, a composer. I hope that people will soon turn to Hemingway again as to a writer of careful and memorable words. It was not at one time thought startling that a writer who was also a stylist should make large numbers of readers dote on him as they have done on Hemingway. People don't seem to feel now that style, a great concern for expression, can secure a writer's popularity no less than can the presence in his work of particular attitudes or doctrines. Hemingway owes a very great deal of his authority to the fact that he is, as Eliot is, a master of expression. For all his grosser success Hemingway is with Eliot in a dozen vital ways.

Hemingway's merits will always be entangled with the fact of his immense fame. We can never forget that his novels were able, almost effortlessly, to sustain a high degree of authority and fame over a period of very many years. The obituaries are right to suggest that this craftsman and sufferer has shaped America; like Pasternak's his future is bound up with that of his country. His nervousness is there now in America, and some of his strength is there too.

KARL MILLER

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

A World of Kitchens

V. S. PRITCHETT

The Kitchen, the first of Wesker's plays, now staged in an excellent production at the Royal Court, is a brilliant and original piece. Until now, it has been seen only in a couple of Sunday performances. Wesker's other works may be more ambitious, but I don't think they say more than this one and are nothing like as good theatre. In fact, after *The Kitchen* my view is that Wesker has become a half-time novelist. In this form, chronicling the ups and downs of circumstance and belief in working-class life during two generations, he is faced with really formidable competition. But *The Kitchen* has a virtuosity and a force which recall O'Casey, O'Neill and moments of Gorki.

Any writer who has closely studied the language and habits of mind of what is too vaguely called the working class must have seen that these are at their liveliest under limiting conditions: factory floor, army hut, street, lodging house, hospital – kitchen, in short. This established, the next thing to notice is that their best talk is all story-telling, and story-telling without villains. People are stretched or chewed over till they turn into fantasy. The genre is primitive; it grows out of repeating over and over again what this character or that *always* does. He *always* loses a job unloading sides of bacon; he *always* arrives with a beer in his pocket; in mannerism, in luck or disaster, he is richly predictable and the perfect vehicle, if necessary, of meaning or symbol. He is a natural hero because he is always himself. Plays like O'Neill's *Iceman* or Gorki's *Lower Depths* are wonderful brewings of this liquor and O'Neill teaches that the thing becomes theatre when the most fantastic story-person in the crowd emerges to dominate the rest. His domination and downfall is the play and even his downfall is an enriched aspect of his heroic self. The play does not progress to an end, but, like the talk, like any ritual, comes round full circle. It will start again when the kitchen, factory, street or doss-house resume their life tomorrow.

Wesker scores every time in *The Kitchen* when these conditions are put to him. He is not, in this play, an outsider-realist, looking in. *The Kitchen* is a 'mad' world – the word 'mad' occurs tiresomely in all his plays but, in this one, it is justified. And he has given his chief character, the German cook, a ruling madness. He means something beyond the kitchen and he is wonderfully well-drawn. It is difficult to portray a foreigner without caricature, but as far as Germans go, only Wyndham Lewis's superbly done German artist in *Tarr* seems to me to equal Wesker's cook. Robert Stephens gave us a German impressive in his cleverness, simplicity, weakness, temper, evasion, childish sentimentality.

The moment when he builds his triumphal arch of bins and saucepans on the stoves and goose-steps under them was exquisite: it had an absurdity that was at once touching, noble and frightening. One didn't know whether to laugh or cry, invoke Heine or call the police. At the top of his invention, Wesker forbore from underlining any symbolism that was in the offing; and when critics say that brilliant as he was in this play, he had 'not yet matured', I differ. He has rarely been as mature since. There is indeed an error in the scene that followed – but it is slight, no more than a symptom – when he allowed a character to compare the polyglot kitchen staff with the United Nations. There was no need for Wesker to point this out: we had been toying pleasantly with this idea which his art had insinuated long before. It is annoying when an artist explains. The play is bursting with meaning; also rich in layers. And the last lines from the lips of Marango, the restaurant proprietor:

> I don't know what more to give a man. He works, he eats, I give him money. This is life, isn't it? I live in the right world, don't I? . . . What is there more?

go to the heart of Wesker's central preoccupation and interest as a writer. The whole long cast were very good under John Dexter's masterly hand. The part and the playing (by Harry Landis) of Paul, one of the pastry cooks, were outstanding.

'The world is full of kitchens – and when it's full of kitchens you get pigs', says Paul. There is more to life than eating. There is both a comic and messianic side to Wesker's Jewish preoccupation with manna. From the kitchen he moved to poor Jewish life in the East End – to *Chicken Soup with Barley*, the first instalment of the Kahn family saga, the first novel. The opening Act, set in the time of the Mosley march and the Spanish War, has a shouting vigour and has the precision of a recollection of childhood. The Kahns are Communists, ruled by vigorous Sarah Kahn, a nagging, devouring old matriarch, always on her feet, all out for Socialism in an almost gluttonous way, liable to fits of blank literal-mindedness which charm her children. She will not only fight for Justice, she will serve it up, steaming hot. It will 'do you good'. Naturally, she has destroyed her husband. So much vitality has reduced him to hypochrondria, mild lying and – very indicative in the context – the desire to lose job after job and cadge a sandwich to eat on his own outside the house.

Coward, failure, sunk in apathy, Harry Kahn is the shame of a political family in its heroic period. This eventually suggests a question to the son, Ronnie, when the war is over, the workers are richer and the affluent society is coming in. And to Dave also, the hero of the Spanish War who has seen how the Party behaved there, to the Jews under Stalin and, since, in Hungary. Perhaps capitalism was not the enemy? Perhaps the enemy was organisation and industrialism? Perhaps poor old Harry's neuroses were a way of opting out? Except for the short episode in which one of the early anti-Fascist fighters turns up from Manchester as a prospering little grocer with a fierce little shop-keeping wife, the play goes uneasily from episode to episode after the First Act: touching on questions for which the characters are not equipped and not staying for an answer. Their situation is real enough, but the talk has lost that transcendent, story-telling power that is the making of *The Kitchen*, and is heading for the habit of journalistic commentary which ruins the final play of the trilogy, *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*.

Roots, the second play in the trilogy, is another matter. The journalistic touch goes. Wesker has got away from the obsessive family theme and has found a new, enclosed subject. The restaurant kitchen has its counterpart on the farm. We are back, in an interesting way, to the proprietor's cry 'Is there any more?' We have moved from, Have we got the kind of society we want? to, Are we the kind of people we want to be? Are we not just fed by the wrong stuff? *Roots* has been severely criticised. Yet it is fundamentally a sound play which chiefly needed to be cut down. All it has to say is in the last act and any of the playwrights who excelled when One-Act plays were in fashion – Lady Gregory, Synge, T. C. Murray, O'Neill – could have sharpened it.

Technically Wesker has here fallen between two schools: the garrulous and the formally constructive. Their impulse is fundamentally different; one can say only in favour of *Roots* that the constructive just crawls home with dragging feet. Another criticism is that he has an ear for country speech but not a feeling for country life. (See the episode in *I'm Talking About Jerusalem*, where Dave is sacked from the farm for taking linoleum left in the Colonel's barn: Wesker has no conception of the country passion for property and the countryman's obsessional fantasies about theft). But I do not at all accept the criticism frequently made of Beatie's discovery that she can 'talk' at the end of the play. This is one of Wesker's best moments. It is splendid theatre; no novelising here. He has shown great art in the delicate job of showing ideas growing in minds not equipped, apparently, to contain them.

The title of the last play *I'm Talking About Jerusalem* could be the title of all. Talk (one had guessed) was likely to be the downfall of the Kahn family. I have not seen this play on the stage but it reads like hearsay. Artistically it's 'what the soldier said'. It clears up what happens to the Kahns, very much in the manner of a serial. They have turned out to be rootless, feeble cranks now Sarah Kahn is too old and the Party too dishonest and discredited to inspire them. I hope Wesker has done with the family business and harking back to Progress. A progressive theatre must be first authentic and then concerned with significant people.

In last week's notice of *Deathwatch* I muddled the names of the actors. The two outstanding performances were Philip Locke as Lefranc and David Andrews as Maurice.

Going to Sleep

You will know (if under other images)
Such nights. When all night frogs and
Crickets were reciting nearly all the poetry
that ever was,
Playing all the music that would ever be.
A fan supplied its undercurrent of applause,
Lizards chattered their peremptory love.
How you alone were silent and inadequate.
They won the night, those aliens,
those natives;
The large earth steamed with song,
The air was full of voices (but not yours).
You alone were at a loss, nothing to say,
without an answer.
And then you thought (as sleep secured you
From such gross humiliation) –
How good it was to know that they
Could do so well without you. As they'd
have to.
A little taste of immortality,
at one remove, will do.

D. J. ENRIGHT

Moore's Carvings

DAVID SYLVESTER

Thirty-four carvings in stone and 11 in wood by Henry Moore have been brought together at the New London Gallery. That is to say, there are ten more works in these media here than were included in the Moore retrospective at the Tate in 1951, though the carvings at the Tate included more major works and were more evenly representative of Moore's entire career as a carver. Here the emphasis is very much on early work: two-thirds of the exhibits were made between 30 and 40 years ago.

At a time when the productions of a young artist of the 1920s would be most apt to look dated, these pieces look better than ever. One has the feeling that this young artist was unable to put chisel to stone without investing it with warmth and radiance. Moore's standing as a wood-carver can't be judged on the evidence of the pieces here. His standing as a stone-carver can be, and he seems to me to emerge as undoubtedly the finest sculptor in stone of modern times.

The installation of the show, in a gallery the artificial lighting of which is ill-suited to Moore's sculpture and the proportions of which are ill-suited to any sculpture on a medium or large scale, is a *tour de force*, brilliantly imaginative both in general conception and in detail. I have a few reservations. The Corsehill-stone *Reclining Figure* should have been mounted higher, about table-height. The perspex showcases individually framing some of the small sculptures look fussy and synthetic, deprive the pieces in them of their natural sense of gravity and of their spatial aura: one glass showcase for all five of them would have been cornier but less intrusive. The lighting on the alabaster carvings is too strong, and the spotlighting in the far section of the gallery hurts the eyes.

At the American Embassy till 15 July there is an important exhibition of Marsden Hartley (1877-1943). Hartley's development, faltering, incoherent, subject in the most arbitrary way to a host of influences, and in the last resort circular, is rather like that of many English artists. He grew up in Maine, began by painting romantic local landscapes influenced by Segantini and then by Ryder. 'The loneliness and isolation of his life in Maine oppressed his spirit, and he longed for a wider world', writes Elizabeth McCausland in the catalogue. He had some awareness of what was going on in Europe at the time, and 'mild fauve overtones' crept into his work. In 1912 he went abroad. In Paris he was influenced afresh by fauvism, then by Kandinsky. In Germany he was influenced by the Expressionists. On returning to the United States for a time, 'he used a modified cubist abstractionism'. In New Mexico he 'worked direct from nature'. Returning to Germany in 1921 he went expressionist again. From there he went to Paris, where he painted in the current post-cubist manner. In Aix he went pointillist, then imitated Cézanne. And so it went on till in the late Thirties he returned to his native soil and painted the series of romantic seascapes and landscapes upon which, with the paintings done in Germany between 1913 and 1915 his reputation mainly rests. He found himself at last where his roots were.

Why is it that one feels so much more sympathy with Hartley in his preposterous odyssey than one would if he had been English? Is it simply from inverted chauvinism? Or because American painting at large has earned a respect which English painting has not and which rubs off on Hartley as a precursor of the Americans of today? These things may operate, but Hartley's work commands ample respect in itself. Firstly, because he produced some fine paintings, dense in colour, taut in design, rich in poetry (though for me the masterpiece in this exhibition is not one of his last works but – and this is appallingly like an English artist – one of the first, the *Deserted Farm* of 1909 which, for all its obvious dependence on Ryder, is unmistakably his own in the bleakness of its drama). And secondly because his struggle has desperation. It is never a struggle, as it so often is with English artists, to find a way of painting suitable for a minor talent that might as well be exercised in a pleasant and civilised an activity like making pictures. It is a struggle to find himself through painting, because work is the only way in which he *can* find himself.

As a member of that rapidly dwindling social class of those who do not paint in their spare time, I feel as depressed at the thought of looking at pictures by waiters living in Leeds as at pictures by bankers living in Esher, actors living in Chelsea, or pensioners living in Acton. There is nevertheless one among the waiters of Leeds whose paintings are for me a source of delight and fascination. He is called Patrick Hughes, is 21 years old; his first exhibition is now at the Portal Gallery in Grafton Street. His pictures are jokes, akin to those of René Magritte, which is to say that they are jokes about pictorial representation – puns, parodies and paradoxes which discover absurdities in the relations between pictures and reality and between pictures and pictures. Some are of an exquisite simplicity, like the one resembling a chart of flags of all nations which turns out to be a complete set of liquorice allsorts. Others are erudite art-critical epigrams, like the one in which a cat in the manner of Hirshfield plays with a ball of wool in the manner of Klee and the unravelled wool is a tangled linear vortex in the manner of Pollock. But the point of the joke is not the whole story. The colour and lay-out have a delicious rightness and, in their dead-pan elegance, terrific style. These pictures are like those jokes which we tell ourselves compulsively over and over again with the feeling that we are never quite getting to the bottom of them.

Having a Bash

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Having a bash is one of the things that keeps the cinema from going over wholly to bowls or Bingo, and two Hollywood films this week try to make juvenile delinquency something more than one of the dependable clichés of the screen. The bigger bash comes from *The Young Savages* (Leicester Square), which goes all out for youth gangs, colour, drugs, vice and Mr Burt Lancaster, who plays the star part of sympathetic cop and has also helped to shape the film. He has, we may be sure, a genuine anxiety about the criminal 'teens; but no less inherent in the film, since he's concerned with it, are the loving close-ups of that battered face revealing tenderness with strength. The film, in fact, splits into two. One part is a realistic excursus into back-street warfare, and especially into the

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to
Moscow

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status of Puerto Ricans; the other follows the pull of melodrama, stardom and the too-happy end. This dichotomy is visible before even the credits go up, as the leader of the three murderers goes stalking through enemy streets: a monstrous piece of over-acting, sustained by groaning chords and camera angles. John Frankenheimer's direction is striking but, as the film goes on, more and more emphatically pointless.

A better bash is made by *The Hoodlum Priest* (London Pavilion), a film about an evangelist among young criminals, though it also suffers from the liberal-minded star who intrudes himself. Don Murray both makes and mars. Some at least of the film's integrity is washed away by star insistence, but enough remains to carry it further than *The Young Savages*. For one thing, instead of first hitting hard and then going soft, it works grimly towards its climax; a youngster killing in self-defence who is hunted by the police and finally brought to the gas-chamber. Reporters crowd round; the priest holds the gaze of his victim in his last moments. The deterrent chill here and in the penultimate scene of a crowd out for blood more than outweighs the slick religiosity into which the film sometimes falls. Irvin Kershner directs forcibly, without tricks. Don Murray gives a compelling performance as the priest who helps criminals by being almost one of them. Keir Dullea rises to the terror of his end.

Under the new title of *Seven Days . . . Seven Nights*, Peter Brook's *Moderato Cantabile*, seen at the London Festival, has its first run at the Cameo-Poly. With its Marguerite Duras script it is a muted, nightmarish drama of a child's music lesson interrupted by screams from the café next door where a woman is murdered; the child's mother gets involved with a factory-worker and their love and final separation is towed in the wake of the crime committed. A beautiful if freezing touch has been brought to the Gironde village where it all takes place, and to the characters themselves. We feel little sympathy for them, some curiosity, some pity; but for the most part they reveal themselves in a somnambulism of fate. Jeanne Moreau and Jean-Paul Belmondo take the burden of this over-stylised piece.

At the Academy a 23-minute documentary, John Krish's *Let My People Go*, seeks to impress the horrors and stupidities of *apartheid*. With a case overwhelmingly strong, the difficulty has been to secure first-hand material. Sharpeville just comes over in fragments and stills; posters ('Come to South Africa and Relax') are cross-cut with tragic glimpses. But where newsreel gives out, we have to make do with enacted scenes.

Bad Old Steps

ANNABEL FARJEON

No conductor has, as yet, dared to have a movement from a Beethoven symphony rewritten because he thought it a bit of a bore. The National Gallery does not have its more unfashionable old masters repainted (although it does have some of its best pictures cleaned). Certainly Henry Irving rewrote large chunks of Shakespeare, but luckily the original remained in print for the next generation. Now, with ballet, because of the appalling problems of notation, it is often impossible to recreate an original work of art exactly. But this is no excuse for deliberately altering or mutilating it, until it becomes a kind of patchwork quilt of choreography. This is what has been happening to the 19th-century classics, especially during the past ten years, until, in many cases, little of the first version remains. It means that the genius of great choreographers like Petipa and Ivanov is being lost to posterity, because of a frenzy on the part of directors who must always be bringing their classics up to date. They imagine that audiences get tired of the old steps.

The Kirov production of *The Sleeping Beauty* at Covent Garden 'must be regarded as the authentic interpretation', asserts the Commemorative Souvenir. But having danced in the first Sadler's Wells production, arranged by Nicolai Sergueff, and taken from volumes of notation direct from the Petipa rendering, I disagree. I think that even now the Royal Ballet version is nearer to the early conception, although it has been severely mucked about by Frederick Ashton. But Ashton's alterations are in the Petipa style, with none of that freely active, acrobatic movement that Konstantin Sergeyev, the Soviet choreographer, has interpolated. Also the elegant mime remains intact, comprehensible to any fool, though the Kirov directors think not, and have discarded it.

Konstantin Sergeyev has done a thorough job of 'reshaping'. In place of the Vision Scene, with the *corps de ballet* melting into a series of fascinating patterns, as the Princess flits in and out luring the Prince on, we have a modern, Soviet-style *pas de deux*, with spectacular lifts and leaps. This is meaningless as far as the story goes and quite out of key with the patches of Petipa that follow.

Irina Kolpakova is a shimmering, expert Princess Aurora; but her neck, though long, is a dead limb between her face and shoulders, so that all the subtle innuendos of the head as related to the body are missing. She does not attempt to act the role, but relies on her marvellous technique to express a pretty and vivacious character. The two Blue Birds are the outstanding success, Yuri Soloviev leaping in the most magnificent poses and Alla Sizova driven by her special blend of delicacy and zest.

In *Giselle*, which has suffered few alterations, the Kirov company has missed the ecstatically romantic atmosphere of Gautier's story. There is a stuffiness about the scene that reminds me of a touring operatic décor. Yet once more the dancing holds our attention. The *corps de ballet*, though by no means perfectly drilled, shows no sign of the deadness that sometimes makes me think the English are temperamentally unsuited to ballet. Each Russian dancer is individually aware of his role and, at the same time, aware of his relationship to everyone else on the stage. In a good *corps* this makes the dancers appear completely at one, like a flock of birds wheeling in formation about the sky.

As the heroine, Irina Kolpakova proves how much she can dance and how little she can act, though this latter deficiency is masked with professional aplomb. She uses her legs so accurately and gaily that they are quite as expressive as her arms. Vladilen Semenov is a strong partner and hero. He does not show emotion, but handles his ballerina with splendid confidence.

It is in *Swan Lake*, the third classical production of the season, that this Leningrad company shows most conviction. This is chiefly because the cast understands the native tradition inherent in the story, and because the girls are so good at pretending to be swans. Their arms beat the air with the angular vigour of wings and, as the Swan Princess, Inna Zubkovskaya gives a feeling of muscular power beneath her delicate and flashing exterior. She is intelligent and radiant, but her mood is set, so that the contrast between the poetic heroine and the sinister villainess (both traditionally danced by the same ballerina) remains equivocal.

The primary intention of all these ballets is to tell a story, and not to express a moral or abstract idea. But their producer has tried, and I think failed, to make them metaphysical. He has intentionally blurred or cut all the mime that explains the plot, so that many climaxes lose their impact, and the sense of melodrama is lost too. This is plainly a deliberate policy, and one that is quite opposite to that of the Bolshoi Ballet, where acting was the most impressive of all the company's talents.

In the final Gala programme the company

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showed a variety of native and classical dancing. Chitons and Tutus are *de rigueur* for the many *pas de deux*, while a vast chiffon scarf often acts as an unwanted third party. But, throughout, the technique of the stars is exquisite. In the scene from Taras Bulba the whole male cast gives an astonishing display of Cossack dancing. It is arranged so that the hurtling movement builds up to a climax of masculine energy, more hectic and yet more perfectly controlled than I have ever seen.

Folk

FRANCIS NEWTON

Virtue is sometimes rewarded. Nobody in the field of culture has been more virtuous than the crusading band of folk-music collectors, revivers and performers. They have been less moved by money or individual self-advertisement than anyone else, and their convictions have held firmer in the face of temptations or political threats than those of other entertainers. Their lives have been uncompromisingly devoted to a William Morris dream of the true, uncorrupted, uncommercial, home-made collective music of the people. They have sought and found it in New Orleans jazz bands, country blues shouters, Tyneside ballads and *ad hoc* Aldermaston broadsheets: and in 1961 the masses have followed their lead.

The extraordinary success of the revivalists is a unique cultural phenomenon. It has naturally been greatest with that most exportable branch of folk music, New Orleans jazz, which has now broken down the most formidable of all cultural barriers: Louis Armstrong is to tour the USSR this autumn. If the Soviet Union has formally capitulated ('Jazz,' says Mr Leonid Utgusov, 'is not a synonym for imperialism'), it is certainly because of the force of the argument which has long persuaded Western leftists – that New Orleans trumpeters are as much folk-musicians as Irish fiddlers.

The success of the more orthodox kinds of folksong has been less flamboyant, but – as many a manager will tell you in the intervals of counting his takings – it has been considerable. Folk, whether for the special folknik public or in combination with trad jazz, is serious business: the leading English folksingers command a wide audience in the USA. Though the profitability of folksong introduces some complexities into the world of militant anti-commercialism, its triumph is obviously a very good thing; I do not wish to say anything that will discourage any man from listening to, let alone singing, *John Henry* or *Barbara Allen*. But the critic is bound to observe, however much he may approve of the phenomenon socially, that most products of the Folk movement are very mediocre as art.

The fundamental reason for this is the persistent bias of the folk movement towards amateurism. The truth is, that just as the best athletes are the pros, so are the best entertainers; which is not an argument against multiplying school playing-fields and stadiums. A great deal of the original folk music collected in the field is little more than the raw material of art. As a scholar I thank Alan Lomax and Decca for a public service in issuing the seven volumes of the *Southern Folk Heritage* (LTZ-K 15209-15). As a critic I must say they contain enough material for three or four good EPs, and a lot more material of which a good performer could make something. This sort of material (as Lomax proved triumphantly in *Blues in the Mississippi Night*) needs editing and skilled performance.

As for the 'folk-singers', they are today a specialised kind of entertainer working for the folknik public of office workers and intellectuals. Unlike the older concert artists, of whom Paul Robeson is the most eminent survivor, their shows are not formal stage performances but extensions of the private party. They therefore rely largely on – let the hard word be spoken – the techniques of the Light Programme and the audience participation show: the creation of chumminess, the shared amateurism, the gang spirit. That is why pop stars of marshmallow quality, like Belafonte, can easily grow in folk soil. Only a deep-seated lack of sentimentalism protects the folksinger against superficiality. But an unsentimental singer is not necessarily a good one either. The folkniks may widen our domestic repertoire, as Stan Kelly does (Topic EP) with his soundly militant *Songs for Swinging Landlords To*, but it is not enough.

Not, at all events, when we can hear the genuine raw note of living, eating, loving and dying, which is the unique contribution of the folk artist, on such records as Shaky Jake's *Good Times* (Prestige Bluesville), Champion Jack Dupree's *Natural and Soulful Blues* (London) or at moments, Forest City Joe on LTZ-K 15211 and 15215. But men like these belong to the world of the players, not of the gentlemen. And they sing in an idiom which is neither survival nor revival, but merely alive.

Godot on TV

LOUIS MACNEICE

A few minutes before Godot began to be waited for on BBC Television there flashed on the screen a little procession that seemed straight out of a Fernandel film – dark-suited, poker-stiff and presumably poker-faced pillars of the MCC intrepidly bound for the wide open spaces of Lord's in search of the Ridge of Mystery. Here was that charm of real life, though I should hesitate to call it naturalistic, with which drama departments can never compete. Nearly all the most memorable moments in television belong to 'actuality' – coronations, sport, spacemen – whereas the poor playwrights and directors of written drama are bound to a form that threatens the worst of both worlds. TV veterans never stop saying, and plausibly (after all the big talking face in your parlour is as intimate as your wife's face watching it), that TV drama by its nature is naturalistic. On the other hand, the tiny screen, the camera conventions, the uneasy consorting of sound and vision, the limitations of lighting and the set-like nature of studio sets (here filmed TV plays have an advantage) make this 'naturalism' seem as contrived as a ballet. But a play like *Waiting for Godot*, whose current production in Paris reveals, I am told, under Beckett's own inspiration, an unprecedently ballet-like quality, might paradoxically have been expected to ring truer than a dramatised chunk of 'ordinary life'. Since it is only very rarely that such a play is done on either channel, it is worth discussing the problems which are raised by *Godot*, as they say, televisionwise.

This triumphant freak, whose irruption into the West End opened a new era in the London theatre, is essentially a poetic play, like *Riders to the Sea*. Beckett here, like so many lyric poets so much of the time, is articulating (which is not quite the word) questions that have no answer – but merely to put these questions is worthwhile. However, if you put them at all, you must do it with rhythm and conviction, which two things are interdependent. Mr Donald McWhinnie, who is probably more sympathetic to Beckett than any other director in this country, had to make the usual compromise between overt and covert, simple and sly, God's truth and gimmick. While I do not think he entirely succeeded, the effort was a fine one.

He deliberately and, I would say, rightly imposed very strict limitations on himself. Not only were there no such flashy superimpositions as some time ago disfigured the ITV production of Pinter's *The Birthday Party* but he never, through 90 minutes, used more than one camera, thus reverting by choice to what long ago in the productions of the late Fred O'Donovan was a virtue of necessity. The fashionable technique today, as I have heard it defined by a lecturer in a television course, is: 'Never pan if you can track, never track if you can cut and, once you start cutting, never stop': McWhinnie on the other hand got all his changes by moving his single camera in relation to the actors or the actors in relation to the camera. In this he achieved not only his expressed aim of 'fluidity' but also a remarkable variety of pictures. Above all, he avoided that jumpiness, implicit in quick cutting, which would be out of place in the timeless world of the tramps.

Because of the single camera, while most of the play was shot close, solo close-ups were rare though, perhaps because of that, very effective – especially the closest of all, Jack MacGowran as Vladimir singing 'Then all the

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dogs came running'. MacGowran's tragicomic face (a blend of Tenniel's Mad Hatter, Harpo Marx and the less stupid peasants of Brueghel) is such a natural on the screen that it is unfair to anyone he is playing with. Thus Peter Woodthorpe, who was in the first stage production of *Godot* and who lately stole the show in *The Caretaker,* seemed on this occasion to be working on a different plane from his fellow. But Timothy Bateson in his original stage role of Lucky did give the impression of belonging and the most striking piece of teamwork in the show was his long mad soliloquy with the two tramps.

Still, there were several things which worried me about this production. At the beginning, when we saw the tramps against the set, there was a lack of perspective which to my mind, prepared for a charade. And I was perturbed by how quickly the opening dialogue was taken and by how much shouting there was throughout. 'Attack' is all very well but *Godot,* as I have said, is a lyric and we know what happens to lyrics when the loud pedal is over-used. I also agree with those viewers who missed that 'bareness' which we had found in the stage production, but this is largely the fault of the medium and anyhow could only have been remedied by more long shots – difficult with the single camera. I did not, however, as some did, dislike the shot after Pozzo's entrance where both slave and master are out of camera with only the rope that connects them running across the tramps and Pozzo's whip just showing on the right of frame. This seemed to me Beckettesque.

Holland Festival

DAVID DREW

The Holland Festival has long been known for its discrimination, and although the resources are modest compared with some of the more widely publicised festivals, the tone is always genuinely musical. A few days at the Festival last week yielded two important and rarely played operas, Bruckner's 6th Symphony and a symphony by Otto Klemperer. By way of relief the Festival offered that ever-surprising sacred *divertissement,* the Rossini *Petite Messe Solennelle,* and a concert whose centre was not a symphony, but Mozart's wonderful B flat Divertimento K 287. Finally, *The Marriage of Figaro . . .*

The outstanding feature of *The Marriage of Figaro* was Teresa Berganza's Cherubino. The performance was worth hearing on her account. Otherwise, it did not live up to the promise of the fine new Columbia recording of the opera, which has the same Figaro (Guiseppe Taddei) and the same conductor Carlo Maria Giulini. There is a world of difference between the Taddei of the recording, whose acting is a function of the music and of his singing, and the Taddei of the Holland performance, who tried to act his way *into* the music. But like so many in the talented cast, he was left outside, knocking vainly at the doors of both Mozart and da Ponte. Giulini's cultivated and musicianly conducting, which serves so well in the recording, is not in itself powerful enough – especially rhythmically – to impose unity when the production and the personalities of the singers tend to pull in opposite directions, or not to pull at all.

The most important concert-event was Klemperer's performance of Bruckner's great symphony, in which the Concertgebouw Orchestra distinguished themselves. As for Klemperer's own Symphony, it was only disappointing to those who were unrealistic enough to expect anything very notable. One should not criticise a sentimental occasion if the sentiment is sound; and when a musician of this standing and seniority writes a Symphony, it should certainly be heard. One might expect something akin to the works of Furtwängler, but in fact it has none of their *savoir faire,* and is much more of a Robinson Crusoe harmonically. In this sense, it is comparable to the works of Schnabel, but not nearly so sophisticated. Schnabel, for all his faults as a composer, knew what island he was standing on, and was able to do something to ensure his survival. Some day he will be quietly rescued.

Klemperer's services to contemporary music are of another kind – and his pre-Hitler Berlin production of Hindemith's *Cardillac* was one of them. This year, *Cardillac* was presented at the Holland Festival by the Wuppertal Opera. Hindemith completely revised *Cardillac* in 1952, and was naturally opposed to productions of the old version. Later, he seems to have relented, and the Wuppertal opera mounted this revival of the first version, believing (very rightly) that it is the better one. Now it appears that Hindemith has imposed a further ban.

The whole matter raises important points of artistic interest and principle which must be discussed in more detail later. In any case, the Wuppertal company deserve very high praise for this production. The standard of orchestral playing reflects the greatest credit on the conductor, Hans Georg Ratjen, and on the individual players (especially the woodwind). The production of George Reinhardt and the decor of Heinrich Wendel solved the considerable stylistic problems in *Cardillac* with great taste and intelligence, and the cast was excellent. The fact that this so-called 'provincial' German production was selected for an international event such as the Holland Festival is a tribute to the discernment of Mr Peter Diamand, the Festival's artistic director. It was also an admirable idea to associate *Cardillac* with the production of Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* by the Netherlands Opera. Both are difficult works – the genial muddle of Berlioz may repel some audiences as much as the intransigence of Hindemith – and both are important. In the circumstances, Berlioz was less well served than Hindemith, except that the role of Cellini was taken, heart and full-throated soul, by Nicolaï Gedda.

Enormous Gilded Rooms

JOHN MORGAN

Time blunts the sense of wonder and it takes a lot, I find, to make you stop dead in your tracks. Walking into a Bingo palace will do it. To step off the Tottenham High Street into the dance hall on a summer's afternoon is a most extraordinary experience. The hall is in semi-darkness, but there is enough light to see a great crowd of people sitting silently. It is the silence that is so strange and the thousand heads bent forward, as if in prayer. Only the stage is illuminated, and that brilliantly. Standing there is a young man in a light-weight suit with tan shoes. He stands alongside a piece of apparatus which hurls table-tennis balls into the air. He takes them, one at a time, in his hand and calls out the numbers painted on them. Behind him is a large electronic scoreboard. As he calls out the numbers – 'Six and seven is 67. Five and one, 51' – they light up on this scoreboard. The patter lacked even the formalised comic calls of housey-housey. Everything was conducted with solemnity. The faces of the audience, the congregation, were solemn with concentration, pencils marking off numbers in small books of tickets.

'Bingo', shouts a man half-way back in the dimly-lit hall. A woman also shouts 'Bingo'. There is a long sigh, and the spell is broken, incantations at an end. Feet rustle and chairs move. The two lucky ones take their cards to the scrutineer. Many of the others form a queue to buy books – two shillings a time – for the next house. Others move to the other side of the enormous gilded room to buy a coffee, a tea, a soft drink.

After the first visual surprise, the curious shock a Bingo palace provides comes, I suppose, from the powerful impression of mass mindlessness. Never has the pursuit of something for nothing assumed so boring a form. Short of gambits like betting on raindrops rolling down a window-pane, Bingo is probably the least skilful or aesthetically satisfying form of gambling, although experts inform me its odds are attractive to the serious punter. When 'Bingo' has been cried, though, and the visual image dissolves, it becomes clear, mercifully, that the mass is still composed of individuals. (The house I saw gave the prizewinners £34 each – small compared with an evening or Sunday afternoon event when the prize might be £150).

Bingo, I was told, was a nice change from sitting around the house, washing, ironing, talking to the wall, gave you a bit of company

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TWENTIETH CENTURY

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in the afternoon. Think of what you could do with 50 quid. No, the old man didn't mind, not that it mattered if he did; on the whole he thought it was nice to get out. These were the contented, cheery housewives. There were solitaries present, too, who sat alone, marked a book in the dark.

Mecca, the dancing people, now have 40 halls in Britain being used for Bingo, all opened since the law changed on 1 January this year. Their profit comes from the membership and admission fee and from refreshments; all stake money has to be returned to the prize-winners. Cinemas are being used for the game. But tombola has, of course, been popular for many years in clubs and church halls. In South Wales, at Workmen's Institutes which once housed theatrical performances and whose libraries were busy coping with seekers after truth and the new society, only Westerns now go out on loan, and tombola alone enables the place to pay its way. It all seems very sad.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,637 Set by Peter Veale

Readers are invited to write an editorial piece, welcoming new readers, in the event of any one of the following paired publications taking over the other and absorbing some of its features: *Financial Times* and *Daily Worker;* NEW STATESMAN and *The Queen; Sunday Times* and *Sunday Telegraph.* Limit: 150 words. Entries by 18 July.

Result of No. 1,634 Set by Columba

Readers are asked for an extract from the kind of Autobiography of an Underdog which Mr Philip Toynbee would have been compelled to cast out, for whatever reasons, from his recent outcasts' anthology.

Report

As Charity Toynbee remarks here and as Philip Toynbee must rapidly have learnt in compiling his anthology, 'we are all underdogs under the skin'. This being so, not every underdog could hope to gain entrance to an anthology dedicated to the commoner or more heart-rending forms of outcast life. We hoped to catch some of the overflow, add a mite to Mr Toynbee's charity. Birth – the original and worst and least obvious deprivation – is duly represented here, and we heard of the pains and perils of being a ponce, a corgi, lesser royalty and greater ('No one wanted a polo player', P. W. R. Foot) and Eichmann ('From Ubermensch to Underdog', Ian Sainsbury).

Two guineas each to the entries printed.

. . . and then, when he was coming back from the office, he used to pick up these tramps and bring them home with him. He always told my mother that they were underdogs and that people in our position ought to do everything we could for them. But my mother used to go absolutely white with rage and lock herself into the bedroom. So then my father started making his guests feel at home. He brought out the whiskey, and when I crept downstairs to listen outside the door I would hear him telling the tramps that for one night anyway they were going to feel on top of the world. 'Anyway,' he used to say, 'we're all underdogs under the skin, you know; and what we need is a skinful to make us forget it.' By about ten o'clock they'd start singing 'Show me the way to go home' and songs like that, and by midnight the furniture began to fly around. And when my mother came down in the morning she used to find my father and all the tramps snoring away together on the floor.

So really, you see, it isn't any wonder that I became a tramp as well, though he's never seemed to think much of my sort.

CHARITY TOYNBEE

Mum took the news of my rustication from Ruskin bravely. She helped me with my duffle coat, nodded to the table, then hurried from the room. A loud sniff from the kitchen betrayed her. 'Chapel bread and altar wine,' I thought. 'How agreeable.' For some inexplicable reason I felt a surge of happiness. I looked out across the lumber yards to the by-pass and watched them flash past. Vauxhall . . . Austin . . . Morris . . . Ford . . . back to the old game. 'Mum,' I shouted, 'Bet you can't name this one.' She came running to the window, wiping a tear away with her apron. 'Delahaye,' she cried breathlessly. And she was right. I stood at the window with an arm around Mum, nibbling the chapel bread, glad to be back in Barnet . . . Proud to be a Barnet man. 'You're quite a young 43,' Mum whispered, 'There goes a Renault Dauphine.' 'I've got Part I of my Intermediate ACWA' I reminded her 'And there's always the Poly,' she said, 'Look . . . look . . . four Sunbeams in a row.'

'That must be some sort of a record,' I reflected.

RUSSELL LUCAS

The rubber hands guided and pressed the aluminium claws round my head so that when at last they had pulled me out of the dark, warm pool, my new skin showed angry red marks. Since then I have been allowed just one tepid plunge a day. This morning, however, I had high hopes: I was to be christened, and they dressed me in a starched gown that scratched my neck and the hollows of my knees. I believed it to be an essential preamble to this so far most important event in my life. Such visions I had! The singing and the heavy organ-music gave me queer sensations but I was still then dreaming of . . . Of what? Who knows now? Three drops trickling from my forehead down to my sore neck Oh no! I bawled and my hot tears joined those holy drops.

JELLY WILLIAMS

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Social fashions are made by the class formerly known as the intelligentsia and now, uneasily and with a giggle, as the intellectuals. They are followed, eventually, by the rest. Abroad; wine-with-meals; the garlic for which Pericles' mid-Victorian Athens despised the Boeotians workshop clothes as playsuits; unsanctioned love – all these have been imposed on decent lower-middle class society which formerly abhorred such ways, by its outsiders. So, in its day, was bicycling. although the mixed hockey of early Fabian times never caught on. Above all, countryside-worship of the kind which dragged several million sweating and suffering motorists onto the roads during the June heat-wave weekends.

Now I say that it would be a good thing if the intellectuals would sometimes keep their big mouths shut. Because a shocking thing is happening: the car-adoring classes are, contrary to smug predictions, taking to their feet and consenting to as much as two miles rough walking, burdened with babies and transistor radios as well as the picnic grub. Anyone who, being old enough and suitably placed in society, might in youth have seen Mr Anthony Powell hastening across Bloomsbury Square pleased with the reviews of *Afternoon Men* will share my indignation.

At pre-H-war parties, as surely as the smooth men with money talk income-tax and capital gains technology, so persons who, having no money, are obliged to be proud of their brains, sensibility or, God help us, taste, talk sooner or later about how funny THEY are; the way they cannot bear to leave their cars and walk a step; how THEY prefer to picnic beside the main road in the dust, the

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exhaust-gas, the *stürm und drang* of interminable traffic, rather than step aside into the woods or onto the remoter beaches there to commune in happy innocence of the pathetic fallacy with healing nature. And what a good thing this was, and is, because it means that, while THEY, benighted lot, stay packed cheek-by-jowl in the motorised mobs they doubtless and so fortunately prefer, we, people like us, have the really nice beaches, the deep woods, the moors and mountains, to ourselves.

Well, it's all over. Into the simple and innocent heads above white collars, heads we had supposed impenetrable to any idea not processed in the Beaverbrook vulgarisation plant, has slipped our precious notion that happy leisure consists in getting not into, but away from, it all. You've had it, chums; so have I. *Hinc illae lacrimae.*

Remember how Beach A, being accessible by road and provided with such amenities as a tea-shanty, bathing cabins and even a public lavatory, was (despite pebbles, a liberal helping of heavy-oil tar, and a row in the press about an outlet of unprocessed sewage) crowded? It still is, for we are excessively numerous. But Beach B, with its stream down the bracken-clad valley, its red and white valerian, its golden knapweed, its colony of ravens, its subtly-coloured rock-pools, is no longer as empty as Eden before Adam and just waiting for you, or a pair of you, to come down upon it and get religion.

At worst, in the past, you might see and ignore on Beach B an ageing couple of the dying race for whom Joyce and vitamins, rationalism and baroque houses, rights of way, Freud, sex, Fascism and even the League of Nations were once important matters. Not now; now you will encounter a dozen of the kind, of swimsuits that are advertised, stout children with Bolton accents, and three or four of the new kind of young men – the ones you can't tell by looking at from the Italians on those horrible great beaches between Carara and Pisa. And the little radios. And it won't be the *Observer* you find stuffed under a rock when they've departed.

I shan't pretend I'm pleased. I've said before that no beach is big enough for more than one, say two. But if I don't like it I can stay away; and I can hardly hate people for liking what I like. I have only one natter I think justifiable: must we put up with the little radios? It is always a mistake to mix art and nature unless you're Shakespeare; and especially when the art is the Light, broadcasting the eternal whining caterwaul of the American hermaphrodite voices in song. Can someone design us a small pocket-jammer with a 500-yard range? I'll risk prosecution and it would not damage their sets.

With that, and hope, we can manage. The hope, of course, derives from the age of the generation of intellectuals which has seen the style of Virginia Woolf reappear in furniture ads. The new entry has a new style. Derived from the Americano-Russian stylisation of the proletarian huddle, it is truly urban, for the first time in English social history. Give it time to work, and THEY will be back, picnicking beside the main road because it's the OK thing to do this time. Then, once again, the *petit coin pas cher* will turn out to be neither damned dear nor booked ahead for three seasons.

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City Lights

TAURUS

Share prices are still drifting: established companies are rushing to raise new equity capital while the going is still good, floaters of new companies are jostling hard to keep their places in a lengthening queue. One, at least, of the latest batch of prospectuses deserves a special mention. Mr Maxwell Joseph is one of those men with a flair for property values and with useful connections who have recently blossomed into millionairedom. He runs a number of property and hotel companies, all of which have done well. His best-publicised *coup*, of course, was Lintang Investments, a shell into which he inserted first Dolphin Court and then the Church Commissioners' Paddington estate. The considerable profit he made out of this transaction would have been considerably greater if the Jasper group, with which he had already dealt successfully several times, had not run out of money at the crucial moment. But, even in these difficult circumstances, Mr Joseph demonstrated that his financial backing and advice were the equal of his own flair for property.

The source of his financial backing in the Lintang business – in which, other things being equal, he would have more than doubled his money in two years – has not been disclosed. In his latest affair, however, it is clear that Mr Isaac Wolfson's Great Universal Stores has been the backer. Mount Royal, once a block of flats, is now a large hotel near Marble Arch. Mr Joseph bought it for £1.05m in 1957 from the family which owns the Ritz – Lord Mayors fascinate him – and immediately handed it over to GUS on the understanding that he should be free to buy half later at much the same price. This proved to be every executive's dream of an incentive option. In four years Mr Joseph increased the number of bedrooms by 17 per cent and the trading profit by 117 per cent; he also trebled the dividend, and has brought the company to market – with a dynamic growth record and an intriguing hint about future acquisitions – at a price which enables him to take up his option and share a minimum profit with GUS of well over 300 per cent, some £3.25m.

* * *

Mr Joseph has proved his stuff, but many of the new issues are impossible to price. The first issue by tender was a success, though it seems to have puzzled rather than driven off the stags; another property issue, equally difficult to value rationally is now to be offered for tender, on the same, odd Stock Exchange principle of allotting all shares at the lowest price accepted – and it will not be long before the stags begin to compete with one another in the outrageousness of their bids rather than in assiduity at form-filling. The trouble about the recent spate of stagging, from the City's point of view, is that a large number of amateurs, trying to secure a small profit without risk, are treating the machinery of the capital market as a public lottery openly. Some of them, not even possessing the usual banking facilities for gambling, apply for more shares than they have means to pay for, and this can become serious when the boom begins to falter. In one recent issue – Profumo family shares in an insurance company – some 60 amateur stags applied for over £45,000 of shares with dud cheques. The issue turned out to be a flop. But the 60 stags could not be sued unless shares were allotted them, which it would obviously be foolish to do; the only alternative was to demand that the underwriters should take up an even larger proportion of the issue. The underwriters, who do not expect to have to work for their living in issues of this kind, protested; some brokers are already asking the Stock Exchange to protect them from the rapacity of the small investor by insisting on banker-guaranteed drafts for new issues rather than mere cheques.

* * *

The fire of speculation is still managing to survive on the heaped-up ashes of its past, but the ashes are getting cold. The larger HP finance houses, for example, seemed to have weathered the storm of free competition and free fraud which forced the smaller and younger firms last year into admitting large losses. But the rumours were only temporarily halted by the announced results. HP company accounts provide plenty of latitude. Bowmaker, one of the larger houses, announced last autumn better results than were expected, largely because of a change in the accounting basis of a subsidiary, and the chairman, in his statement in January, declared that it had managed to steer clear of large-scale frauds. It now appears that the allowance for bad debts made by this same subsidiary was substantially inadequate: there is to be no interim dividend, and any final dividend that is paid may have to come partly from reserve.

Arusha, too, was last year one of the most fashionable industrial holding companies, expanding so fast that nobody knew quite what to do but marvel: the shares are now worth less than a quarter of what they were worth at their peak. The founder and chairman of the group was forced out of office by an open revolt of the directors of the companies taken over when things began to go sour; but the new board, headed by one of the fashionable company doctors, found that it would be difficult to fund the loans which the company's bankers had advanced temporarily to finance its rapid expansion. The ex-chairman took advantage of a company meeting to claim that he could raise £1.5m (about half of what was needed) if he were given back his directorial status for eight weeks: the meeting decided to give him this sporting chance, and he announced that he had succeeded just after his time was up. He has managed to raise the offer of only £1.5m from a firm of Brooklyn moneylenders, secured by a debenture, repayable – and it can be repaid only by selling off assets – over three years, and protected by an option to convert into Ordinary on advantageous terms. The real catch, however, as he announced at a personal press conference, is that the loan is conditional on his own return to power as chairman and chief executive. The new board is faced with an awkward decision.

Company News

Colvilles, which the government has persuaded to reduce its drawing rights on the Exchequer from £50m to £45m, has depressed a depressed steel market further by announcing a £15m rights issue.

Distillers is raising gin and whisky prices, following the tobacco companies and the brewers in anxiety to anticipate Mr Lloyd's regulator.

Mr Samuel's *Land Securities* has protected itself against the uncertainties of the next few months with a £15m debenture – from an insurance company – carrying the usual right to buy equity.

The Chess Board

No. 608 They Missed Their Chance

When Akiba Rubinstein died a little while ago – a legend almost in his life-time and very ill for decades – it seemed an odd coincidence, a few weeks later, with the tenth anniversary of the death of Geza Maroczy. Both these men were keen rivals for Lasker's throne, but neither of them ever got the chance. Rubinstein was too diffident a man to press his well deserved claim, even after his prodigious run of successes in 1912. Maroczy seemed to have his chance of a title match a few years earlier, contracts were actually prepared, but the match never came off. He was a very great master and a very charming man. Here's a practically unknown game he won against Kashdan who was one of the rising youngsters at the time (1932). Maroczy was 62. I use some of his own notes in *Pesti Hirlap*.

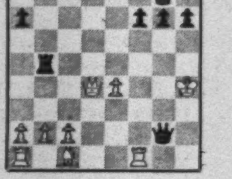
1) e4, e5; 2) Ktf3, Ktc6; 3) Bb5, a6; 4) Ba4, Ktf6; 5) 0-0, Be7; 6) Re1, d6; 7) c3, b5; 8) Bb3 [Bc2 was feasible, but I preferred the text-move so as to scotch counterplay arising from . . . d5], Kta5; 9) Bc2, c5; 10) d4, Qc7; 11) Ktbd2, cd:; 12) cd:, Ktc6 [A few years earlier I had acquainted my young opponent with this move and its sequel; so now I had to fight against my own variation]; 13) d5 [Not so good. I ought to have played h3, giving up the pawn temporarily], Ktb4!; 14) Bb1, a5; 15) a3, Kta6 [Black has conquered c5 and now exerts pressure on the Q-wing]; 16) Ktf1, 0-0; 17) Bd2! [Very soon my QKtP will need to be protected], Ktc5; 18) Bc2, Bd7; 19) Ktg3, Rfc8; 20) h3, Kta4! [A very strong move. The double-pawn means nothing, when considering the advantage of open files]; 21) Ba4:, ba:; 22) Rc1, Qb6; 23) Rc8: ✠, Rc8:; 24) Bc3, Kte8 [That Kt hopes to get to b5, and I had to try to stop it]; 25) Qd2, Ra8; 26) Rd1, Bd8 [Better than . . . Ktc7 which I would have countered by Kte5: and d6]; 27) Ktf5, Bf5:; 28) ef:, Ktf6!; 29) Qc2, Qb5; 30) Ktd2!, Ktd5:; 31) Kte4, Ra6; 32) Be5:!!, Kte7 [Relatively best, the B, of course, being taboo, on account of Qc8]; 33) Rd6:, Rd6:; 34) Bd6:, Qf5:; 35) Qa4:, Kf8; 36) Ktc5, f6; 37) Qc4, Ke8; 38) Kte6, Kd7; 39) Ktd8:Kd6:; 40) Ktb7✠, Kd7; 41) b4, ab:; 42) ab:, Qd5; 43) Ktc5✠, Kd6; 44) Qa6✠, Ke5; 45) Qe2✠, Kd6; 46) Qa6✠, Ke5; 47) Ktd3✠, Kf5; 48) Qa7!, Qd6 [To allow a Kt-swop would leave Black with a hopeless ending]; 49) Qe3, Ktd5?? [A blunder, but the position was hopeless anyway]; 50) g4✠! and Black resigned on account of the mating threat Qe8 etc.

And here – Belsitzmann-Rubinstein, Warsaw 1917 – a celebrated brilliancy in memory of the great Akiba. He was 35 when he played that game, and even though he had 44 years ahead of him he was past the prime of the incomparable feats he achieved in the first twelve years of the century.

1) e4, e5; 2) Ktf3, Ktc6; 3) Ktc3, Ktf6; 4) Bb5, Ktd4; 5) Bc4, Bc5; 6) Kte5: [Of questionable value], Qe7; 7) Ktd3, d5!; 8) Ktd5:, Qe4:✠; 9) Kte3, Bd6; 10) 0-0? [His only chance was f3; as it happens he asks for the trouble to come], b5; 11) Bb3, Bb7; 12) Kte1, Qh4; 13) g3, Qh3; 14) c3, h5; 15) cd:, h4; 16) Qe2, Qh2:✠!! and mates in 2.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position – actually one of Maroczy's correspondence games – in which Black forced a neat mate in 5. **B**, a draw and **C**, a win, shouldn't be too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively. Usual prizes. Entries by 17 July.

A: Geza Maroczy 1898



B: A. S. Selesniev: /4Kt3/7k/5Kpp/8/4p3/24/.

C: Mandler & König: /16/5P1k/8/2K5/pr2r3/4R3/2R5/.

REPORT on No. 605. Set 16 June

A: 1) Bf7: ch, Kf7:; 2) Kte6!, Ke6:; 3) Qd5 ch, Kf6; 4) Qf5 mate.

B: 1) Qb2!!, threatening to win the Q by d4 and the mating threat Qh2; even 1) . . . g4 no resource as 2) d4 drives the Q to that very square g5 permitting the same mate.

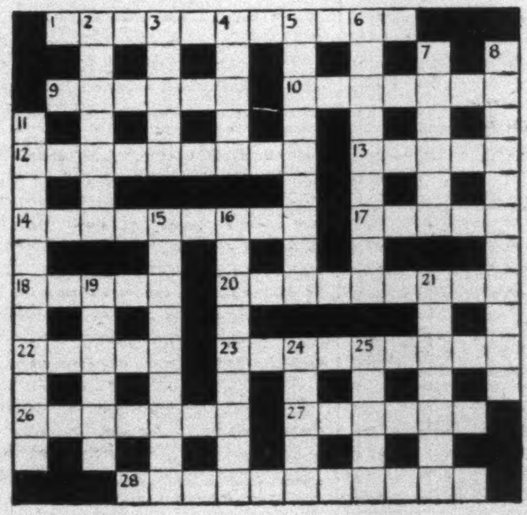
C: 1) Bd8 ch, Kh5 (Mustn't of course, take the P, that square being required for the B); 2) e7, Bh3: ch; 3) Kc6, Qc8 ch (best); 4) Kb6, Bd7 (best); 5) Bb7, Qb8; 6) e8(Q)!!, Be8:; 7) Bc7, Qc7: (lesser evil, so as to avoid Bishops of opposite colour); 8) Kc7:c3; 9) Bf3 ch, Kg5; 10) Bd1, Kf4; 11) Kd6, Ke3; 12) Kc5, Kd2; 13) Kd4, etc.

Not too easy. Prizes: G. Abrahams, C. Allen, H. Garfath, J. Mitchell, A. G. Summers.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 465

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 465, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 18 July.



ACROSS

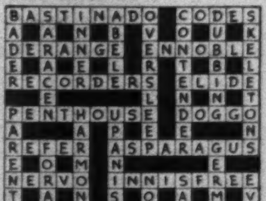
1. '—— -maker much acquaints His soul with song' (Browning) (11).
9. The dedicated almost dismiss the socialist (6).
10. Hears curiously about the motor race wreck (7).
12. The unseemliness of scattering mice round (9).
13. Tread heavily when the soft floor coverings are back (5).
14. Feature of the end of a verse in a dirge (9).
17. The family makes most of the noise (5).
18. Go back without success and having to pay (5).
20. Although a commentator, in the end I appear in the final (9).
22. Quiverer like a quill (5).
23. It is something unusual for a ten ton piece to be broken (9).
26. Roused everyone in dire confusion (7).
27. God who may appear in a bus (6).
28. Something in the fish makes her phone an artist (11).

DOWN

2. A fellow about to put restrictions on freedom (7).
3. 'With eager thought warbling his —— lay' (Milton) (5).
4. Senior shrub (5).
5. Game for a trial marriage (9).
6. Not romantic though at first caught a girl (9).
7. A plan without something valuable for different levels (6).
8. Transmitting support over a punishment (11).
11. Rich man taken sick on an island in the mud (11).
15. Crookedly entering a country (9).
16. Londoner who has to finish in season (9).
19. Instigates a complication of the simple (6).
21. Though luxurious, the first class rise in potential panic (7).
24. Measure range (5).
25. Sound sounding like fruit (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 463



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B A S T I N A D O ■ C O D E S
A ■ A ■ N ■ B ■ V ■ O ■ U ■ K
D E R A N G E ■ E N N O B L E
E ■ A ■ E ■ L ■ R ■ T ■ B ■ L
R E C O R D E R S ■ E L I D E
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P E N T H O U S E ■ D O G G O
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N E R V O ■ I N N I S F R E E
T ■ A ■ N ■ S ■ O ■ A ■ M ■ V
A N G U I S H ■ M A N D A T E
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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

GOVERNMENT OF THE FEDERATION OF RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

VACANCIES:

CENTRAL STATISTICAL OFFICE

Applications are invited from persons holding a University degree with first or second class honours (or the equivalent qualifications) in Statistics, or in Economics with Statistics, or in Mathematics with Statistics for the following posts:

(i) Permanent and Pensionable Establishment.

SENIOR PROFESSIONAL OFFICERS GRADE II

Salary scale: — Men: £1,827 10s. x £80 10s. – £1,908 x £80 10s. – £1,988 10s. p.a. Women: £1,483 10s. x £70 – £1,553 10s. – £1,623 10s. p.a.

Applicants must have had several years' experience, including some in a position of responsibility.

(ii) Appointments on Contracts

PROFESSIONAL OFFICERS ON THREE-YEAR CONTRACTS

(a) Persons with a minimum of four years' post-graduate experience:

Men: £1,500 p.a.
Women: £1,150 p.a.

(b) Others:

Men: £1,150 p.a.
Women: £903 p.a.

Outward family passages provided, and return passages for officers on contract. Pensions permanent establishment, medical aid, generous leave, low income tax, good schools – free tuition. Highly developed social and sporting amenities in excellent climate.

UK: Application forms and further details from the Secretary (R), Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, WC2. Overseas: Director of Census and Statistics, P.O. Box 8063, Causeway, Salisbury, Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Closing date: 25 July 1961.

Applications are invited from University graduates for the post of

MEDICAL STATISTICIAN

to the Medical Research Council's Epidemiological Research Unit, Jamaica. This Unit will be situated at the University College of the West Indies, and will work in close liaison with the Faculty of Medicine there and with the Medical Research Council. Epidemiological Research Unit, South Wales.

Salary within the range £900 – £1,500 depending on qualifications and experience, plus overseas, marriage and child allowances where applicable. Salary and allowances subject to Jamaican income tax. Accommodation provided at reasonable rental. NHS superannuation provision. Return passages (including family) provided for UK residents.

Duties to commence in April 1962. Appointment initially for tour of three years. UK leave at the rate of six weeks for each year served abroad.

Applications in writing to Dr W. E. Miall, Medical Research Council, Epidemiological Research Unit, Llandough Hospital, Penarth, South Wales.

MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

require

SOCIOLOGIST

With interest in demography, for team engaged in epidemiological studies of common diseases at their Epidemiological Research Unit, Cardiff (working in close contact with the Council's Pneumoconiosis, Social Psychiatry and Epidemiological (Jamaica) Research Units and the Welsh National School of Medicine). The post entails supervision of private census taking, with time for own research. Degree and previous research experience essential. Salary according to qualifications and experience.

Applications, with full CURRICULUM VITAE, names of two referees, in writing to Professor A. L. Cochrane, MRC, Llandough Hospital, Penarth, Glam.

PART-time tutors in English required for Continental students. 15 hours weekly. Mornings. Denmark Hill, SE5, area. £4 14s. 6d. per week. Box 3970.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COLDEAST & TATCHBURY MOUNT

Hospital Management Committee

SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST required at this Hospital Group for the mentally subnormal (1,359 beds). Salary and conditions as Whitley Council Scale—£1,100 per annum rising by annual increments to £1,500 p.a. Applicants should have an Honours degree in Psychology of a British University or other qualification approved by the Ministry of Health, and appropriate experience as laid down in PTA 72. This post presents an opportunity for the organisation and development of the group's psychological services. Written applications, naming two referees to Group Secretary, Loperwood Manor, Totton, Nr Southampton.

COUNTY OF ESSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE CHILD GUIDANCE CLINICS

Vacancies exist for part-time CHILD PSYCHOTHERAPISTS at clinics at BASILDON (up to 7 sessions p.w.) and GRAYS (up to 6 sessions). A FULL-TIME appointment could be made to cover part of both. Candidates should have Hons degree in Psychology (or recognised equivalent) and appropriate training or such other qualifications as the Committee may accept as adequate. £2 15s. 6d. per session up to 5 sessions per week or appropriate proportion of Soulbury Grade II scale for Educational Psychologists – £1,290 x £32 10s. – £1,560 p.a. Further particulars and form from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for two appointments as Child Care Officers, one of which will be a temporary post for a period of about 12 months in the first instance, and the other a permanent appointment. The officer appointed to the permanent establishment will be based on Derby and the temporary officer on Matlock.

Salary £665 – £915, rising to £975 for appropriate qualifications. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience but candidates in possession of Home Office Certificate in Child Care will be paid a commencing salary of £820 per annum.

Application form and further particulars from County Children's Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

D. G. GILMAN,
Clerk of the County Council,
County Offices,
Matlock.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT RESIDENT SUPERVISOR

Salary £625-£725 less emoluments £120 p.a. Annual leave – six weeks Applications are invited from women between 23 and 40 who are interested in residential work with adolescent girls at The Girls' Remand Home, 104 Upperthorpe. Apply to The Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LITTLE PLUMSTEAD HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

LITTLE PLUMSTEAD HOSPITAL, NR NORWICH, NORFOLK, NOR. 52Z

Applications are invited for the post of PROBATIONER CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST in the Psychology Department at this modern and expanding Psychiatric Hospital for subnormal patients. The Group consists of five Hospitals totalling 1,070 beds and in addition to in-patient investigations carried out in conjunction with the medical staff, the Department, which has two Senior Clinical Psychologists in post, undertakes considerable outpatient work at Child Guidance and special Clinics, Remand Homes and HM Prisons, etc.

Applications will be considered from students in their final year, but the person appointed must hold an honours degree in psychology or approved equivalent.

The post is non-resident and subject to the appropriate Health Service conditions and Superannuation Regulations. Salary during the Probationary Period is at present on the scale £625 x £25 (2) – £675 x £30 – £705 x £25 – £730 per annum.

Applications stating age, qualifications, training and experience, the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to the Physician Superintendent.

SOUTH BELFAST HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

POST OF SENIOR PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER
DEPARTMENT OF MENTAL HEALTH
BELFAST CITY HOSPITAL

Applications are invited for this post. Forms of application may be obtained from the Group Superintendent/Secretary, Belfast City Hospital, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Salary scale: £880 per annum x £30(4) – £1,000 x £35(2) – £1,070 x £40(2) – £1,150. Applications should be submitted to the above address to be received as soon as possible.

WELFARE

ST DUNSTAN'S requires the following Staff for the Welfare Department:

LADY CLERK/TYPIST able to undertake own correspondence, to take charge of Homes' bookings and medical reception. Age 22-35.

JUNIOR SHORTHAND-TYPIST to assist personal secretary.

Salary according to age and experience. Staff canteen. Holiday this year by arrangement. Apply Welfare Superintendent (PADdington 5021), 191 Marylebone Road, London, NW1.

ENERGETIC young couple wanted to run new English-language institute in quiet North Italian town. Experience and Italian not necessary. Salary and share of profits. Start September. Box 4182.

TRANSLATORS

Unilever

There are two vacancies in the Head Office Translations Department at Unilever House for female translators aged 22/35 with good all-round education and some translating experience:

1. with native French, excellent English and preferably another language.
2. with native English, excellent German and preferably good French or Dutch.

The duties consist of translating difficult matter on a wide variety of subjects and a very high standard is required.

These positions carry attractive salaries with prospects of advancement. Staff amenities include pension scheme, sports and social clubs, medical and welfare service and staff canteens.

Applications should be made in writing, giving full curriculum vitae, to Head Office Staff Department, Unilever House, London, EC4. (Ref. IME.)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BEDALES SCHOOL PETERSFIELD

THE GOVERNORS OF BEDALES SCHOOL will be appointing a Headmaster following the retirement of the present Headmaster, Mr H. B. Jacks, in August 1962. Details of the post may be obtained from the Clerk to the Governors, Bedales School, Petersfield, Hants. Applications should be submitted by 8 September 1961.

SECRETARY

required by West End Firm.
Qualification: competent and experienced all-round assistance with good shorthand/typing.

Remuneration: £15 five-day week with prospects of gradual pay increase.

Reply: Box 4316.

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Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
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THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA.

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Canterbury, New Zealand. Lecturer in Sociology. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned appointment in the Department of Psychology. Applicants should have an Honours degree or higher degree in some branch of sociology. Other things being equal the University would like to appoint a person with interests in sociological theory or criminology. The salary will be at the rate of £1,250 p.a. rising to £1,700 p.a. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 30 September 1961.

NORTHAMPTON College of Advanced Technology, London. St John Street, London, EC1. Additional lecturing staff will be required in the Department of Social and Industrial Studies from September 1961, or as soon as possible thereafter. Candidates for appointment must have a degree or equivalent and experience in the appropriate field of activity. The work will involve teaching at both undergraduate and postgraduate levels. (1) Senior Lecturer in Liberal Studies, to teach in one of the social sciences and to help in the development and organisation of courses and special lectures. Salary scale: £1,588 p.a. x £50 to £1,801 p.a. (2) Lecturer in Communication, to deal generally with problems in social communication and with emphasis on the presentation of technical information, effective speaking and the leading of group discussion. Salary scale: £1,408 p.a. x £35 to £1,601 p.a. Further particulars and forms of application available from the Secretary of the College, St John Street, EC1. J. S. Tait, BSc, Ph.D, MIEE, MIMechE, Principal.

CENTRE for Urban Studies, University College London, requires for social and statistical research, (a) one Research Officer, salary within the range of £1,000 to £1,600; (b) one Research Assistant, salary within the range of £650 to £850. The starting salary in both posts is dependent upon qualifications and experience. A degree in one of the social sciences is essential for both posts; and research experience for the senior post. Please apply, giving details of qualifications, etc., to Secretary, Centre for Urban Studies, Flaxman House, Flaxman Terrace, WC1.

PART-time women tutors required for Maths, History, Latin, German, English. September. W1. Box 4280.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Industrial Relations in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Salary on a scale £1,050 to £1,850 per annum, initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 15 July 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

RESEARCH Assistant wanted for one year, for project to be sponsored by the British Epilepsy Association. Qualifications: professional training in social work, preferably psychiatric social work. Previous work with epileptics or previous research experience is not essential. Salary to be negotiated, but not less than £850 plus expenses. Work would be based on Manchester, but would involve some travelling. Further details from Dr Kathleen Jones, Department of Social Administration, the University, Manchester, 13, to whom completed applications should be sent not later than 5 August.

AGRICULTURAL Research Council require a graduate in biochemistry or related subjects at the Low Temperature Research Station, Cambridge, for a period of about 4 years to take part in a chemical and biochemical investigation concerned with fruits and vegetables. Salary according to age in scale £692 (at age 23) to £983. Applications to Director of the Low Temperature Research Station, Downing Street, Cambridge, within 14 days.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Tutor Organiser. Applications are invited for a new post of tutor organiser to assist with the growing provision being made for industrial workers in co-operation with local industries and trade unions. Applicants should be qualified to teach in the range of subjects – economics, politics, industrial and trade union relations. The salary scale is £900 x £1,500 but an experienced tutor is required and the starting salary will be adjusted accordingly. It is hoped that the person appointed will be able to start not later than 1 January 1962. Further details and application form from the District Secretary, J. T. Rhodes, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

ORGANISER – WEA. Organiser for development of adult courses particularly in the field of Trade Union Education. Scale £625 x £37 10s. to £925 p.a. Application forms and details from: D. M. Buckingham, Workers' Educational Association, 19 Calthorpe Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham, 15. Phone Edgbaston 5168/9. Closing date for application: 16 July 1961.

ROYAL College of Art. Part-time Tutor/Librarian qualified to teach General Studies. Salary according to qualifications and experience on scale £400 x £25 to £800 p.a. for 2 days per week; pro rata for additional days. Application form (returnable by 15 July) and further particulars from the Registrar, Royal College of Art, Exhibition Road, London, SW7.

BRIGG CLP invites applications for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms to be obtained from the National Agent, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1, to whom they should be returned not later than 24 July 1961.

CONTEMPORARY History Institute, London, requires competent researcher for special project. Fluent German and ability to write essential. State experience and salary. Box 4197.

YOUTH Hostels Association Eastern Regional Group invites applications for the post of Regional Secretary/Accountant. Applicants should have had Administrative and accounting experience and be able to type. A sense of vocation in the service of youth is essential. Salary £750 x £50 – £800 p.a. Regional Office will be situated at Youth Hostel East Bay House, Colchester, Essex. Further details of duties and application forms obtainable from C. W. Duckhouse, 21 Stanton House, Christchurch Street, Cambridge.

SPEECH Therapist required young adult spastic centre sole charge purpose built new department recording room; previous cerebral palsy experience desirable, not essential. Holiday arrangements honoured. Whitley Council Scale plus special Honorarium. Apply: Warden, Coombe Farm, Centre Oaks Road, Croydon.

CHILDREN'S Worker required for the Stepney Jewish Settlement for Play Centre and neighbourhood work. Salary £350 p.a. plus residence. Non-resident part-time worker 3 to 8 p.m. considered. Experience of children's group work essential. Write, Warden, Beaumont Hall, 2 Beaumont Grove, Stepney, E1.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd in September at the Child Guidance Centre, Education Dept, Town Hall, Hornsey N8, (New Centre is being planned). PTA salary & quals. £740 – £1,000 plus London Weighting up to £40. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, above address, returnable by 22 July. (Quote G.726 NS).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Family Casework. Social Workers (men and women) required in Public Health Department to work with problem families. Work with each family is usually prolonged and intensive; to make this possible case loads are small (10-15 families). By this means it is hoped to help such families to become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. Special importance attached to the aim of preventing repetition of the problem family pattern in the next generation. Experience in family casework essential, relevant professional training desirable. £740-£1,060 (under review) commencing point according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/1879/7), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 31 July.

LONDON County Council. Children's Department. Child Welfare Officers required. Men and women suitably qualified and with experience of work with deprived children and their families, including married women formerly engaged in related social work and now seeking re-employment. In addition a panel is being formed of persons, particularly married women, who may in future be re-employed on a part-time basis. Possession of HO certificate in Child Care or certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage. Considerable amount of travelling involved. £740-£1,060, according to qualifications and experience, (proportionately for part-time staff accdg to hours worked each wk). For all full-time officers there are good opportunities for promotion to positions carrying £940-£1,300. Form and details from Children's Officer (E.1/N/1895/7), County Hall, SE1.

OLD People's Welfare. Applications are invited from qualified and/or experienced Social Workers for the post of Development Officer and Organiser to the Liverpool Old People's Welfare Council. Successful applicant will be required to act as Assistant Organiser for a short training period or be seconded for 6 months training through the National Old People's Welfare Council Bursaries Scheme. Commencing salary £625 or according to experience and qualifications. Applications in writing giving details to Chairman, 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

DUNCROFT, Moor Lane, Staines, Middx. (Approved School for Senior Girls). Required for September. Two House Instructresses or Housemothers at the above school which accepts girls of good intelligence in need of psychiatric treatment. Ability to undertake supervision of domestic duties, sewing classes etc. Attractive surroundings and interesting work. Salary according to experience and qualifications. If resident board/lodging provided at £135 p.a. Applications to Correspondent, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

HOUSEMOTHER and Assistant Housemother (two friends would be welcome) for Voluntary Children's Home (9 children aged 5-15) Country district, London 40 mins. Salaries as for Local Authority Homes. Further particulars, Mrs Redpath, Melgan, Jordans, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

ASSISTANT Housemothers (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments. Write: Children's Officer, Essex County Council, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

ORGANISING Secretary (man or woman) required to set up experimental Youth Centre for YWCA, Harlow New Town. Duties to include committee work, appeal administration, direction of youth leaders and volunteers. Good education, training, relevant experience essential, teaching experience acceptable. Housing available. Salary commensurate with qualification and experience. Write Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, W1.

CAMBRIDGE House (The Incorporated Cambridge University Settlement) requires a young Leader for its Boys' Clubs for one year. Salary £500 per annum, plus board and accommodation in the Settlement valued at £247 per annum. Application form may be obtained from The Head, Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Rd, SE5.

YOUTH Club Leader required for Primrose Hill Youth Club. Keen and responsible person. Mon. and Thur. evenings, 30s. per evening. Comm. Sept. Box 4225.

AN OPPORTUNITY occurs in September for a young educated woman who is a good musician and interested in children and educational problems, to gain practical experience with problem children, to discuss views and ideas on education and take a responsible and well paid position after having proved common sense and ability. Board and pleasant room plus initial salary of £3 weekly without deductions; 8-10 weeks annual holiday with pay. Apply to The Principal, Salmon's Cross School, Holmbury St Mary, Surrey.

ARCHITECTURAL Assistant needed to help W. E. Cousins & Associates, a group of architects with work of interesting & varied character. Please tel. HAM. 8226.

WELFARE Worker required for large Charity supporting gentlefolk. Write General Secretary, RUKBA, 13 Bedford Street, WC2, or telephone TEM. 2575.

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There's no finer filter tip, no better blended Virginia tobacco.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NORTH Kensington Marriage Welfare Centre (branch of Family Planning Association) requires assistant (part-time) to Clinic Supervisor; married woman, preferably in thirties; duties partly in Clinic (non-medical) partly clerical; experience in welfare work and/or interviewing an advantage. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 12 Telford Road, W10.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

UNIVERSITY of Leicester. Secretarial Assistant to Librarian. September. Some library duties also required. Shorthand and typing essential. Degree, library training/experience additional qualifications. Salary starts between £530-£680. Apply Librarian by 15 July.

ISLINGTON Family Service Unit requires a shorthand-typist for typing records, stencils, filing etc.; 9.30-5.30, no Saturdays; £9-£10 a week. Please apply to 36 St Mary's Grove, N1.

DIRECTOR of West End book publishing house needs a secretary, willing also to learn to handle a variety of work connected with editorial and sales promotion. This is an interesting and rewarding job, but initiative, good shorthand and office routine, and good English are basic qualifications. Apply by letter to Sales Director, Dent-Phoenix, 10-13 Bedford Street, London, WC2.

HUGH Jenkins, AGS of Actors' Equity needs an exceptionally competent secretary. Salary over TU scale. Apply in writing to: 8 Harley Street, London, W1.

LIBRARY Assistant (f.) required by International Public Relations Consultants. Previous experience and some typing desirable. Age 23/30. 5-day week. Salary £10. 'Phone HYDe Park 5841.

SHORTHAND/Typist, some exp., intelligent, reqd for Jewish org. 5 day week, salary acc. qualif. LV's. Holiday arrangements respected. EUSton 3979 or Box 4337.

SECRETARY/Interviewer, under 35, able to type, knowledge of Italian or Spanish an advantage. Good prospects for intelligent, sympathetic person interested in foreign students. Write to St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford Street, W1.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St (near British Museum) need young lady assistant, preferably with some knowledge of crafts. Good position and salary for suitable person. Applicns to The Manageress

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

SHORTHAND-typists: Temporary. 10-5 p.m. £12. Clerks, temporary, 6s. per hour. MUSeum 6858.

EXCITING jobs with exacting architects with The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, next to Gamages. HOLborn 0390.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

COPY-typists: temporary, 10-5 p.m. 10 guineas. MUSeum 6858.

STUDENTS required for temporary clerical work, 6s. per hour. MUS. 6858.

AU Pair: young woman, well-educated, wanted to teach English, and look after two children in Athens. Box 4284.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SPANISH lawyer, speaking fluent Italian, French & some English, desires work (any) in London. Tel.: Benito, KNI. 2147.

INTERPRETING. Student (f.), Univ. of London, sks summer employment. English/German fluent. Good knowledge of Japanese. Willing to travel. Box 4175.

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COLD
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APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

TEACHING Maths: retired professor willing to help in present shortage by teaching Advanced level or higher. Box 4291.

LADY sks work 3/4 evenings W. End. Typing, waitress/suggestions welc. Box 4245.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

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JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating. Bills/ Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

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DUPLICATING, shorthand, typing, translating. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Road, London, N11. ENTerprise 3324.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY

A short break by the river or at the seaside will do you good. You are invited to join a House Party of professional people in Berkshire, Norfolk & Cornwall. Opportunities for tennis, bathing, dancing and intelligent conversation. Similar arrangements on the Continent. ERNA LOW, 47 (ns) Old Brompton Rd, SW7. KEN. 8881.

GREEK and Italian Villa Parties for intelligent young people. Prices (from 41 gns in Italy and 59 gns in Greece) include free trips by minibus, car, boat or 'Murisoncart', free wine, use of snorkels (aqualungs on Elba) and travel mostly by air. Murison Small, Travel Organiser, 11 Beauchamp Place, SW3. PARk 7055.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

RONDA, Andalusia. Long vacation courses in Spanish. Board and tuition £9 9s. per week. Box 3868.

YUGOSLAVIA – still a few places on our 19 August parties – Dalmatian Coast; International summer luxury camps at Zadar and Dubrovnik. Bars; Buffets; Dancing every night by the sea. From: £29 15s. incl. Write: Renaissance Holidays Ltd, 28 Finchley Rd, St John's Wood, London, NW8.

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Highham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 426.

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne visitors and others welcome 18th Cent. Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rms, b'fast. Tel. 3773.

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NORTH Wales. Vegetarian and Vegan Guest House, nr mountains & sea. Lovely woodland garden. Brochure from Jeannie and George Lake, 'Plas-y-coed', Penmaen Park, Llanfairfechan. Tel. 161. VCA Mem.

HOLIDAYS by the sea. Barricane Private Hotel, Woolacombe, Devon. Some vacancies July and August. Phone Woolacombe 44. Write: M. Garness.

KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch., Mr & Mrs N. Lusby, VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

THE most dependable guide to good eating in Gt Britain is the new edition of 'The Good Food Guide' 1961/62, edited by Raymond Postgate from recommendations by Good Food Club members, published by Cassell, 7s. 6d., from all booksellers. 'Postgate is incorruptible. It is now possible to go round Britain on his back' – John Freeman, 'New Statesman'.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

LABOUR Monthly. 40th Anniversary Issue. A unique Souvenir. Articles and greetings from: Dr Azikiwe, John Berger, Fenner Brockway, MP, Sir Richard Coppock, Dr Dadoo, Michael Foot, MP, Ted Hill, W. Lindley, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Ivor Montagu, Dr Nkrumah, Will Paynter, D. N. Pritt, QC, Sir Charles Snow, Hannen Swaffer, Tom Vernon. Order 1s. 6d. from all bookshops or 1s. 8d. post free from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

'WHICH?' reports on furniture removals, kitchen floor tiles, tipping, mothproofers, kitchen sinks in the July issue. 'Which?' publishes factual and impartial reports on consumer goods and services every month. Available on annual subscription only £1 to the Consumers' Association, Dept 6, 14 Buckingham Street, London, WC2.

DON'T miss 'John O' London's' 64-page American Book Number on sale at all Newsagents 6 July. Still 9d.

WHAT about a Russian weekly to modernise your vocabulary? 'Ogonek' – a popular illustrated – art, literature, science, travel: 35s. p.a., or 'Krokodil' the Russian Punch: 36 issues, 25s. p.a. Subscriptions from Collet's Russian Bookshop (N13), 44/45 Museum Street, London, WC1.

ALGERIA, Cuba and the CIA in latest edition of 'Allen Dulles – Study of a Master Spy'; Bob Edwards, MP, and Kenneth Dunne. 3s. 6d. post free Chemical Workers Union or Housmans, 5 Caledonian Road, London, N1.

THE High Hill Bookshop is now at No. 6 Hampstead High Street (6 doors below old premises) with more space and books. Approx. 2,250 paperback titles in stock. HAM. 2218.

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LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

YOUR Book pleasingly produced at low cost. Sample post free. Where minimum cost desired we co-operate to produce directly from your typing by reducing photo process. Broadacre Books, Jarol House, Arctic Parade, Bradford, 7.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

THE library of the British Esperanto Association (140 Holland Park Ave, W11) contains some 30,000 indexed items.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht, R. & E. Steiner (Books). AMBassador 1564.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD: flat overlooking Heath. Suit two. Vacant 31 July – 26 August incl. £7 weekly. Box 4285.

FURN. flat, 3 rooms, overlooking Primrose Hill. Children welcome. Avail. until 30 Sept. £6 p.w. PRI. 4863 or Box 4289.

LONDON flat, central, available 2-3 wks August, s/c., 3-bedrms, phone, frig. Suit responsible tenants. Box 4290.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs. 13 Belsize Avenue, NW3.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

BLACKHEATH. Furn. flat, kit., bath, bed, living rm. Suit young prof. couple or single plutocrat. 5 gns. Box 4198.

PROFESSIONAL people seeking first-class serv. room with dinner & bkfst close West End are invited to call at Park Hse, 143 Holland Park Av., W11. PAR. 6280.

HAMPSTEAD – 2 rooms in flat, one large and sunny (with piano) overlooks Heath, the other small but bright – available 30 July-2 Sept. 4½ gns p.w. HAM. 6920.

TWO unfurnished rooms in private flat. Each £3. Quiet house. CAN. 4511.

FLAT, near Victoria, sleep 2/3, 24 July-4 Sept. Rent 7 gns. Box 4329.

ON river bank. Well-furn. flat in Georgian house. Bed/sit., kit., bath & annexe. C.h.w., part cen. htg. Use garden. 6½ gns per week. RIV. 4323 mornings only.

TWO years old to-day! Our rapidly expanding organisation will endeavour to offer an even better home-finding service during the next year. PAS, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

TO let furn. for 1-2 years from August, modernised Putney house; 6 bedrms, 3 recep. etc, garden. Of special interest to a young family. 15 gns p. wk. Box 4248.

FURNISHED flat: bedroom, lounge, kit., share bath/toilet. Newly decorated, modernised. SE12. No pets/children. Suit professional couple. References. Box 4247.

HOUSE, London, SE12, 2 bedrms, holiday or longer let. No garden. Box 4246.

KENSINGTON modern furn. flat, 2 bedrms, to let Aug. 12 gns p.w. Box 4244.

CAMDEN Road. Buses to everywhere. Newly-opened house offers small dormer bed-sit., hand basin, gas ckr, fully equipped. £2 p.w. Phone HOL. 6237 (not Friday).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

SELF-cont. luxury flat to let 2-3 weeks Knightsbridge. 10 gns. CUN. 0206.

ST JOHN'S Wood. Furn. flat avail. 20 July-3 Sept. 4 rooms, k. & b., frig., 'phone. £10 p.w. PRI. 0855, 5-8 p.m.

SMALL room for busy girl in sunny top-floor Gloucester Road flat, £2 10s. plus share expenses. Box 4190.

S/C. well-furn. flat, 5 rooms inc. kit. & bath, 10 mins Piccadilly, avail. for August only. 8 gns p.w. Box 4347.

15 July-17 September. Garden flat, W11. 2 floors artist's house. Sleep 3. 6 gns per week. PARk 6989.

HAMPSTEAD, attractive large furn. room, all facilities. BAY. 4266.

HIGHGATE: furn. flat, 3 rms, kit., bath, well-eqppd. 7 gns. Suit prof. cple, 1 child/3 friends. MOU. 6908 morn./evgs.

HADLEY Common, Barnet. Very attractive 2nd floor furn. flat overlooking woods. Completely s/c. Ideal for professional couple. 7 gns weekly. Box 4228.

COUNTRY cottage, Lammermuirs beauty spot; fishing, bathing, etc. 2 bedrooms; also caravan, 4-berth; Vacancies 15, 29 July; 12, 19, 26 August. All Sept. 5 gns wkly. Rathburne, Longformacus, Berwickshire.

EDGE Dartmoor, roomy house avail. all Aug. £15 p.w. Sept. £12. Box 4298.

HOLIDAY in house nr Fife coast, sleeps 6; free 20 July 5 weeks. Box 4299.

DRYMEN, Loch Lomond. Luxurious 18ft. caravan. Privately situated. River fishing. Cancellations. Box 4043.

DEVON. 4-berth caravan to let (except 12-26 Aug.). Central partition. Peaceful site, 2½ miles Teignmouth. Reas. charge. Box 837, Smith's Library, Newton Abbot.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

WANTED in or near Gloucester Cres., NW1, sparsely or unfurn. 2-room flat. S/c. Sept. or sooner. Write Box 4047.

YOUNG Indian prof. couple sk s/c flat. £6 or £7 p.w. From August. Box 4031.

YNG mus. stud. seeks cheap room Sept. Use piano, would baby-sit. MAC. 1910.

EDUCATED Trinidad Indian girl reqs furn. flat SE Ldn. 4 gns abs. max. Box 4286.

HOUSE/flat, preferably near Hampstead, furnished or would buy furniture, wanted immediately. Box 4348.

SOUGHT: landlord, pref. NW1, WC1, N1, actively anti-colour bar, with 2 unfurn./part furn. rooms incl. kit. (bath?) for coloured WI metal worker and white English architect, anxious dec., convert. Box 4250.

IS there an unfurn. or partly furn. large room (with bay window) available for unassuming bachelor (with own electric cooker) in NW or N of London, perhaps nr woods. H&c basin desirable, but prepared to share bath; willing to pay reasonable rent for suitable place. Box 4235.

JAPANESE student (English language and drawing), cheerful disposition, sks accomm. in educated English family with art interests. In or near London. Box 4195.

GRADUATE (bachelor) requires small flat, south of the river. Box 4196.

YOUNG lady diabetic, secretary, wishes to live with nice family as p.g. within easy reach Euston. Box 4203.

OLD lady, active, returning from abroad desires room, board in room. Occasional conversation. No dietary problems. State terms. Box 4208.

YOUNG theatrical couple, 2 cats, baby soon. Desperately want unfurn. or furn. cottage, near water. 50 miles, London or Cheltenham. Low rent, long rental. Barnett, 81 Montpellier Terrace, Cheltenham.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CHARMING Cornish cottage for sale, £600. Please tel. SHEpherds Bush 2337.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

NEW School, for musically talented children of all ages. General education with ample time for musical studies. Opening September, London, WC1. Enrolment now for September, January, or later. A scholarship will be awarded. Principal: Miss I. L. Forster, BSc., (former grammar school head). Music Adviser: Miss R. Rapaport, FRAM. Staff of graduates and other qualified men and women. For particulars write to Miss Forster, 26 Fitzroy Square, W1.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Restaur., White Tower, 1 Percy St, W1. MUS. 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

COURSES etc.—contd from p.36

School of Art,
Watford Technical College,
Hempstead Road, Watford, Herts.

COURSE IN
ADVERTISING
COPYWRITING

It is proposed to run a two-term full-time course in advertising copywriting commencing in September next.

Full particulars are available on application to the Registrar.

THE University of Manchester. Diploma in Educational Psychology (Child Guidance). The University offers a one-year course of training for educational psychologists in the schools psychological service. Applications for admission in October are invited from teachers with at least two years' experience of teaching who are honours graduates in psychology or who have equivalent qualifications in educational psychology. Applications should be submitted without delay to the Secretary, Faculty of Education, Dover Street, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

NATIONAL Froebel Foundation. Part-time classes for qualified teachers. Open to qualified teachers (men and women) wishing to prepare for the Froebel Teacher's Certificate. Classes will be held on Saturdays during the session 1961-1963. Please apply for particulars as soon as possible (with stamped addressed envelope) to The General Secretary, National Froebel Foundation, 2 Manchester Sq., London, W1.

CITY of Westminster College, Francis House, Francis Street, SW1. General Certificate of Education. One-year and two-year day courses commencing 11 September 1961 in Arts, Economics, Languages and Science subjects at Advanced Level. Enrol for Evening classes from 11 Sept. Prospectus obtainable from the Secretary.

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for London University Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB, BD), & certain Diplomas, General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others). Moderate fees. Prospectus post free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

SPANISH: thorough tuition in small classes. Conversation. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

FRENCH: thorough tuition in small classes. Conversation. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

RUSSIAN: thorough tuition in small classes. Conversation. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

ITALIAN: thorough tuition in small classes. Conversation. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

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SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

COURSES etc.—continued

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INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg and Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing), Mabel Eyles. Tel.: ENTerprise 3324.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

A FEW places still left. Fabian Family Summer School. St David's College, Lampeter, 29 July-5 August. Socialism and Social Values. Director: W. T. Rodgers. 5-12 August. Social Democracy and Society. Director: George Thomson, MP. Lecturers to include: C. A. R. Crosland, MP, Lionel Elvin, John Greve, A. H. Halsey, Albert Hunt, Alan Lovell, Hugh Morris, Dennis Potter, Anthony Sampson, Ben Segal, Eirene White, MP, Bernard Williams, Shirley Williams, Richard Wollheim. Full details: Schools Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. (WHI. 3077).

'A YEATS Symposium'. Midlands Poetry Festival Week-end. Saturday 15 July/Sunday 16 July 1961. Speakers: Dr Donald Davie 'The Irishness of Yeats'. Professor D. Gordon 'Byzantium: A Critical Case'. Mr T. R. Henn 'The Pictorial Imagery of Yeats'. Mr Clinton Baddeley 'The Reading of Yeats'. Lectures and accommodation, Rutland Hall, Loughborough. Organised by the Leicester University, Board of Adult Education, and Leicester, Nottingham & Derby Poetry Societies. Through train services from London, Sheffield, Birmingham, Oxford, Leeds, etc. Write for detailed leaflet and particulars: Organising Secretary: H. B. Frankel, 79 Southgate Street, Leicester, or telephone 26226 (office hours, Saturdays excepted).

INTERNATIONAL Summer University. 'The Humanities & Technology – Conflict or Collaboration?', Delft, Holland: 16-30 August: £24 (incl. residence, course & excursions). Apply before 15 July: ISU, 59 Gloucester Place, W1. WEL. 3921.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

LANDSCAPE Painting in Suffolk. Holiday classes for advanced students and beginners Professional tuition. Send for prospectus. Box 3795.

HOLIDAY Drama Schools. Several 7-day Courses. One Evening Course. Leatherhead Repertory Theatre, Surrey, & Studio Theatre, Kensington. Director: Marian Naylor. £9 9s. & £6 6s. Syllabus: Mrs W. Patterson, 6 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, SW13. Tel. WIM. 2161.

PERSONAL

SEAT available in Dormobile touring Italy 19 August to 16 September with 3 women. Box 4185.

GENTLEMAN studying weekdays seeks weekend work. London area. Box 4278.

LONDON-Barcelona leaving 10 July, seat vacant, car. GUL. 7159.

GREECE, 4 seats vacant with young mixed party going in Dormobile 2 Aug. for 6 weeks, share expenses. RIV. 7203.

SWISS (47) driving 12 July London to South France offers hitch-hiker (m) lift and hospitality exch. English conversation and token share in expense. Box 4098.

BEAUTIFUL Humber Hawk '53, seats five grown-ups, red leather seats. Grey cellulose. Ideal family car in perfect condition. Exchange for smaller car, Volkswagen, Dauphine, etc. John Foley, 116 The Avenue, W13. Tel. PER. 6180.

STUDENT 19 (f.) hol. plans suddenly awry welcome suggestions group Aug. abroad. Intelligent, lively, CND. Box 4339.

PAINTER, part-time student, reqs inexpensive un/part-furn. room(s). Any cent. area. Tel. Moon, GER. 2633 daytime.

ITALIAN teacher, 32, bachelor, wishes stay early July to middle August as paying guest in family to improve English, possibly in London. Box 4069.

EXCELLENT Steinway Bechstein medium grand piano wanted. Box 4344.

BEAUTIFUL Fox stole and platinum mink tie. Unwanted gifts. Unworn. Genuine offers. Box 4046.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also sm Hall & Committee Rms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1.

PERSONAL—continued

S. BRITTANY coast, Pont Aven: to let 4 weeks from 3 September, holiday flat, ground floor, garden, garage, sleep 4-5. £10 week. Box 4088.

FRENCH student, male, 20, well-educated, wishes to stay with English family, month September. Box 4263.

BERGEN (25 July), Lapland/Helsinki/Boulogne 2 seats. S.a.e. dets Box 4296.

MOTHER and 5-year-old daughter would welcome return lift to S. France, 2-3 weeks, between now and October, sharing expenses. Box 4178.

FLORENCE. Join a young mixed villa party, with fare, free wine, full pension, from 30 gns 15 days. July and later. Also Venice, Rome, Sorrento. Harley, 15 Endsleigh St, WC1, HOL. 1269 evenings.

VERSAILLES holiday course in Aug. for girls. Language practice, excursions. Leave London 31 July. Details: Mrs Robertson, 51 rue de la Harpe, Paris 5è or tel. PRImrose 1370.

DOCTOR'S house needs light help 2 hrs morning, also with evening meal and telephone, in exch. bed-sitting room, heat, food. Stanmore. Grimsdyke 839.

INTELLIGENT, trustworthy gentlewoman, friendly, seeks refined home with kindly, intelligent and sympathetic woman as sole guest. Permanent if happy. No nursing home or nurses; no children. Definitely not an invalid but requires a little assistance in dressing, etc., owing to shock after recent bereavement. Nothing to alarm. Needs very large room with big window, sunny if possible. Warmth most essential; two separate plugs for wireless and fire, and h. & c. fitted basin; good food. All meals in own room. Lover of good music. Gladly offers £5 10s. weekly for congenial home. Address: Mrs Gwen M. Frostick, c/o Mrs Phillipps, Kerrow Moor, Bugle, Cornwall.

STUDENT composer seeks room, cooking facilities. Moderate rent. Box 4277.

EDUCATED expd Shorthand-typist, 27, seeks post 3-5 months. Box 4282.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

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HUMANISTS – there may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union (G), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

SUICIDE. Information wanted from attempters for radio programme. Anonymity guaranteed. Box 4232.

WANTED exch. lessons English & Russian. More advanced level. Box 4133.

POLITICAL Essay Competition for young people of 15-20 years, prizes £50, £10, £5. Write for details to Society for Individual Freedom, 55 Park Lane, W1.

TEENAGE Holiday Party, Ryde, IOW. Some last-minute vacancies. 28 July-25 Aug. or shorter periods. Parties organised every summer since 1949. Brochure. Junior Holidays, 31 St George St, Hanover Square, London, W1. GRO. 1629.

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S. ITALY/Yugoslavia: yng grad. sks touring companions August. Box 4201.

SINGLE caravan to let on priv. secluded site Snowdonia Nat. Park. Box 4202.

BOOK Doctor wanted! To edit and groom typescript by authoress (2 books published) whose spelling and syntax is deplorable but with lively sense of fun and story-telling flair. Hol. pkt-money task for non-pompous English teacher? Box 4204.

WRITERS invited submit book scripts for criticism, revision, market advice. J. C. Walls (est. 25 yrs), BCM/LIT., 58 Theobalds Road, London, WC1.

DE LEON Drama Summer School. Patrons Kenneth Tynan, Peter Brook. 1-12 Aug. at Richmond Institute of Further Educ. Write 254b Kew Rd, Richmond, Sy.

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PERSONAL—continued

AN ATTRACTIVE twenty-month-old boy of mixed parentage needs sensitive, understanding Jewish foster-parents, who are willing to offer him a permanent home. His mother visits but is unable to provide a home for the little boy, who has a physical handicap which in no way detracts from his appearance. Please contact the Area Children's Officer, (NDO/N/1823/7), LCC, Gem House, Backchurch Lane, Stepney, E1, for further particulars.

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IS Your Dog Safe? Dogs get run over, cause accidents, get lost, die prematurely from poison, disease, etc. All these and other hazards can be covered at reasonable cost by Canine Insurance. Full cover includes veterinary fees and £10,000 Third Party Indemnity. Write for full details. Canine Insurance Assn, 90 Gracechurch St, London, EC3. (Established over a quarter of a century.)

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MERMAID (CITy 7656). Until 15 July, The Andersonville Trial. 6 & 8.40. 'Makes one of the most absorbing duels I have seen on the stage' – New Statesman.

MOUNTVIEW Theatre, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. MOU. 5885. (212, 41 buses). Present Arnold Wesker Trilogy. 11-15 July 'Roots', 18-22 July 'I'm Talking about Jerusalem'. 7.45 p.m. Members only. Associate Membership 7s. 6d. per annum. 2 free tickets new associate members.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evenings at 7.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15, Thurs. 2.30, Arnold Wesker's 'The Kitchen'.

STRAND. TEM. 2660. Evgs 7.30, Thur., Sat. 2.30. Jeremy Brett in 'Hamlet'. Until 15 July. 'A vivid young Hamlet', D. Mail.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'They Might Be Giants'.

TOWER. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30): 'Look! No Eyebrows'. Orig. revue. 7, 8 (Mems 9 at 7), 12, 13, 14, 15 July at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. British première Bertolt Brecht's 'Visions of Simone Machard', Music Eisler. Trans A. Hinchliffe. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Members.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'Pillars of Society' by Henrik Ibsen, 7 July. 'The Tempest' by William Shakespeare, 13 July. Perfs 2.30 & 7.30. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. BBC presents 67th Season. Sat. 22 July to Sat. 16 Sept. Prospectus 1s. (by post 1s. 4d., postal order, not stamps) giving programmes and details of booking arrangements now on sale from BBC Publications, W1, Hall, SW7, & agents.

37TH Haslemere Festival. Early Chamber Music. 15-22 July. Dir: Carl Dolmetsch. Brochures and tickets from Haslemere Hall. Tel. 2161.

'LITTLE Mary Sunshine' a new musical by Rick Besoyan. Recorded by the American cast. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 13 July, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). 'The Spirit of the Dance' (U). Prog. of dance films.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 16 July: 'Brief Encounter' (A), Renoir's 'Une Partie De Campagne' (A).

'YOU'VE never heard it so good' as recorded on BBC. Come along, sing, play or just listen. Unity Song Session, Weds 8.30. Unity Theatre, Goldington St, Kings X

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Gallery – summer pictures by Monet, Dufy, Utrillo, Cezanne on sale at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Illustrated catalogue 2s.

DAUMIER: Paintings and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 30 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs 10-8; Sun 2-6 Admission 3s 6d

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WARSAW GHETTO EXHIBITION
Documents, Relics, Photos, Paintings . . .
HERBERT SAMUEL HALL,
Bark Place, Bayswater, London, W2.
13-23 July
Suns. to Thurs.: 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.
Fridays: 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE

INTERNATIONAL architectural exhibition, 'The Architecture of Technology'. Until 29 July, Mon.-Sat. 10-6 (closed Sunday). IUA Exhibition Building, South Bank, near County Hall.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition: Paintings and drawings by George Romney, 1734-1802. Until September. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2-7. 210 'bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. William Copley – until 17 July. Paintings. Daily 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

ARCHITECTURE Today: Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 29 July. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art'. Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. New Editions original prints – Bawden, Chadwick, Cheese, Grant, Gross, Piper, Rothenstein, Trevelyan, etc. Open now.

WADDINGTON Galleries, Recent sculpture: Elisabeth Frink. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

POLAND'S Architecture. Exhibition in conn. with 6th Congress Int'l Union of Architects. Mon.-Fri. 3-21 July, 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Admission free. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W1.

BATH Academy of Art, Corsham, Wiltshire. Summer Exhibition: 7, 8, 9 July, 3 to 7 p.m. daily.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Australian Painting 1961. Until 23 July. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

RETROSPECTIVE Exhibition, Marsden Hartley, paintings and drawings. Until 15 July, USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Upper Brook St ent., W1, 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Brian Lamberth, Laurence Grimes, Omar El Nagdi: Paintings. 10-29 July. Daily 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. At the New London Gallery (HYD. 6195). Henry Moore Stone and Wood Carvings. In aid of RAF Benevolent Fund. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Barbara Jorgensen, New Paintings; and Water-colours by Albert Goodwin.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Roderic O'Conor, 1860-1940. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1 p.m.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George Street, W1. Sculpture: Arp, Butler, César, Giacometti, Hoflehner, Laurens, Matisse, Marini, Moore, Picasso, Richier. Until 1 Sept. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

MOLTON Gallery. Paul Klee: Oils, gouaches, drawings. 21 June-15 July. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Queenswood artists. 10-5.30. Thursday 10-1. Saturday 10-7

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 15 July. Selection 50 artists from Salon des Réalitiés Nouvelles.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HAMPSTEAD Art Cellar, 1 Heath St, NW3. Recent paintings by Rhoda Pepys, until 15 July. Wkdays 2-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq, W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ANGOLA EMERGENCY
CONFERENCE
'What Can We Do To Help?'
Saturday 8 July, 2.30 to 6.30
Unity House, Euston Road, NW1.
Speakers:
The Lady Violet Bonham Carter, DBE,
The Rt Rev. the Bishop of Southwark,
Rev. Clifford Parsons,
James Callaghan, MP,
Anthony Wedgwood Benn.

Tickets (2s. 6d. each) at the door, or from: Council for Freedom in Portugal and Colonies, 374 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

PROTEST AGAINST ANGOLA
MASSACRES
Trafalgar Square Evening Rally
Saturday 8 July at 7.30 p.m.

S. Abrigada (Angolan African), Sacuntala Miranda, A. Wedgwood Benn, F. Brockway, MP, D. Phombeah, Manuela Sykes.

Organised by MCF and CAO

LONDON NEW LEFT REVIEW CLUB
LABOUR'S NEW POLICY
STATEMENT
RICHARD CROSSMAN, MP
Monday 10 July at 8 p.m.
NUR Hall, Euston Rd, NW1.
Members 1s. 6d.; Non-Members 3s.

FILM SHOW ON GHANA

There will be a Film Show on Ghana on Friday, 7 July 1961, between 5.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. at the British Council Theatre at 6 Hanover St, London, W1.

Chairman: J. G. AMAMOO ESQ.,
Public Relations Adviser,
Ghana High Commission.
All are welcome.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Bruce Douglas Mann on 'Accidental Compensation', 7.30 p.m. Wed. 12 July, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

'THE American Museum in Britain' an illustrated lecture by Ian McCallum, Director, the American Museum, Claverton Manor, Bath. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 12 July, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

'JUDAISM and Christianity – Overlappings and Differences'. Lecture by Rabbi Dr Samuel Sandmel (Provost of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati), Thursday, 13 July, at 8.15, at Liberal Jewish Synagogue (hall), 28 St John's Wood Road, NW8 (opposite Lord's). All welcome.

THE Common Market – Keep Britain Out. A public meeting will be held on Monday 10 July, at Beaver Hall, London, EC, at 5.45 p.m. Full details may be obtained from S. W. Alexander, City Press Newspaper, 80a Coleman Street, London, EC2.

PROF. T. H. Pear on 'Brain Washing': Facts and Inferences. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sunday 9 July, 11 a.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ATV's Forum, Sunday, 9 July. Motion: 'Faced with the choice, we would rather be Red than dead'. Main speakers: David Wedgwood Benn & Christopher Tugendhat. Why not join the audience and take part yourself in live programme? Be at the Studio, 98 Highbury New Park, N5, by 1 p.m.

20 JULY at 7.30 p.m. 'The Integration of the Arts'. A discussion between artists and patrons contributing to the IUA Congress Building, South Bank. Held in the IUA Headquarters Building. Chairman: Lawrence Alloway. Organised by the ICA. Members 3s., Non-members 5s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 7 July 8 p.m. Mrs V. E. Plincke: 'A New Year's Tale' by Dudinsev. Fri. 14 July 8 p.m. Social Evening – Troika Ensemble, Alex Miller. Seats to be reserved.

'AMERICAN Ballet Today' a lecture by Anatole Chujoy, American critic and editor of 'Dance News', New York. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 11 July, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

'MEDITERRANEAN Highlights' a travel talk to be given by Lucien Prechner. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1, on Wednesday 12 July at 8 p.m.

FRIENDS International Centre, Tavistock Sq., WC1. Judi Dench will give a poetry reading at 8 p.m., Sun. 9 July. Collection for New Centre. Everyone welcome.

'AN American Looks at the British Theatre' a lecture by Irving Kreutz, Managing Editor 'The Kenyon Review'; Professor of English, Kenyon College, Ohio. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Friday, 14 July, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue Kathleen Nott and J. B. Coates on 'Is there a crisis of culture?', Tuesday, 11 July, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun. 9 July, 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings Cross. Rev. C. Stimson: Brotherhood of the Way.

'EXPLORING by Satellite' – A filmed report on the construction, assembly and utilization of America's space satellites. 'Three Years in Space' – A filmed summary of US space achievements from October 1957 until October 1960. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St. ent., Thurs. 13 July, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 9 July, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Growth of Personality': Virginia Flemming.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., London, SW1. The next Public Lecture will take place during the first week of September. Saturday 15 July, 3 p.m. Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries – TAT. 1313.

'GOD: Immanent and Transcendent'. Public lecture, 9 July, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

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LECTURES COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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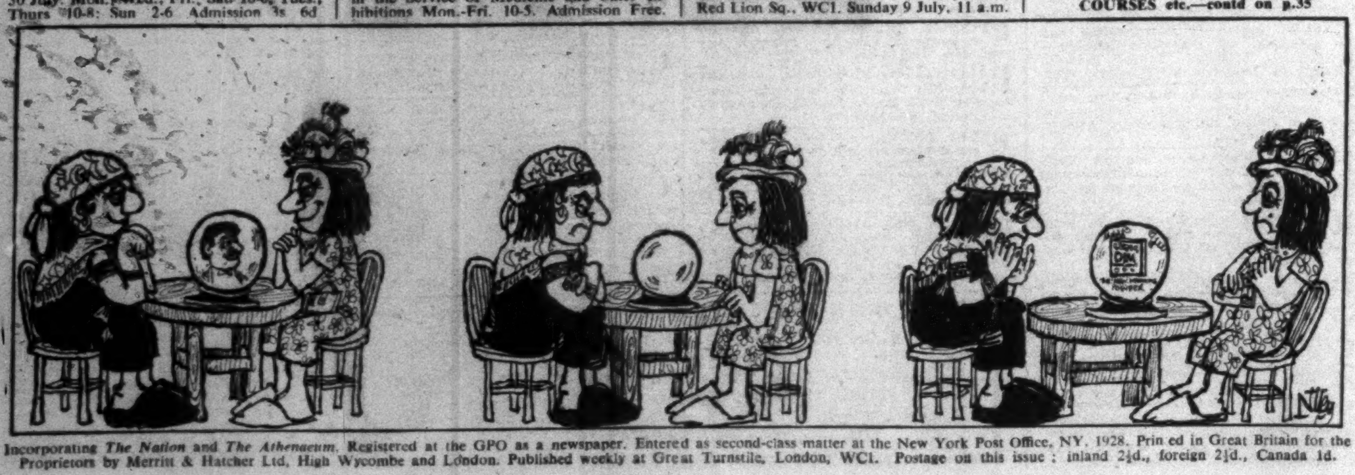
The Department of Mathematics offers a course on the basic ideas underlying Advanced Level Pure Mathematics. The meetings will be on Fridays (6 Oct. to 8 Dec.) from 5.30 to 8.30 p.m., two one-hour lectures being separated by an hour for supper.

The fee for the course will be £2. Further details from the Department of Mathematics, University College London, Gower Street, WC1.

COURSES etc.—contd on p.35



Incorporating *The Nation* and *The Athenaeum*. Registered at the GPO as a newspaper. Entered as second-class matter at the New York Post Office, NY, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Merritt & Hatcher Ltd, High Wycombe and London. Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Postage on this issue: inland 2½d., foreign 2½d., Canada 1d.